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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 24, 1931
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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIV. No. 1618 JAN. 24, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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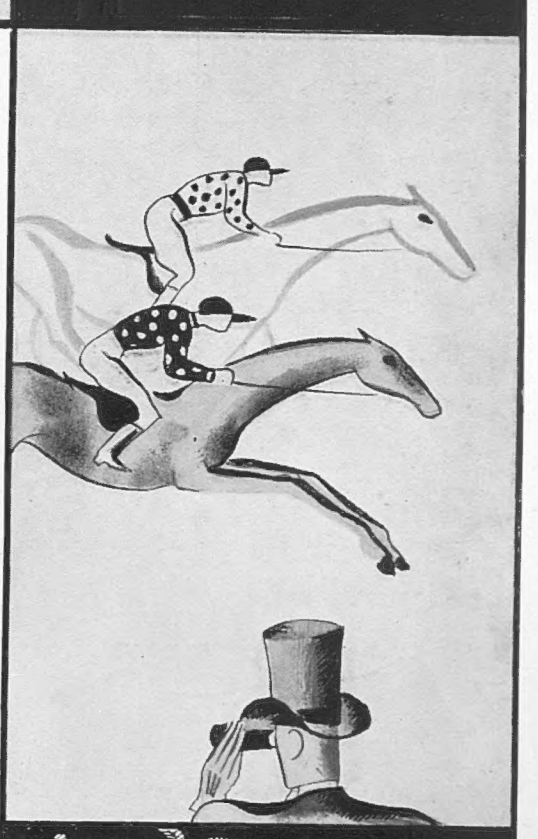
On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive, in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this, there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and Literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at PARIS, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695 Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9 Via Condotti; MUNICH, 6 Residenzstrasse; BUENOS AIRES, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies or any other Travel Agency.



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HUNTING COATS in the WEST END

The United Hunts Ball Held in London for the First Time

For the first time the United Hunts Ball was held in London last week, and pink coats were in the majority among the men in the ballroom of the Savoy Hotel. Parties attended from almost every hunt in the country, and many Masters were among those present. The hunts represented included Whaddon Chase, the Brocklesby, Lord Leconfield's, the Badsworth, the Hertfordshire, the Berks and Bucks Staghounds, the Berkeley, the Grafton, the Bath and West Wilts, the Cleveland, the East Essex, the Craven, the Cambridgeshire Harriers, the Mid-Kent Staghounds, the High Peak Harriers, the South Herts Beagles, the Eridge and the Rufford. The Duke of York was present as were Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Lord Yarborough, Lord Leconfield, Sir Julien Cahn, all of whom took an active part in the arrangements.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 21, 1931

At Which Fence?—Parliament has reassembled, and I still believe that the new session will have its niche in political history. Some weeks ago I prophesied that the second reading of the Trades Disputes Bill would be the crucial moment. Since then every day has increased the inopportunity of repealing Mr. Baldwin's national safeguard against the crippling of the nation's existence by a general strike. It is generally believed that Sir John Simon holds the view that political honour cannot acquiesce in this measure of lunacy even for the good object of keeping the Liberal party outwardly united. But unless Mr. George comes round to the view that the time to destroy the Bill is before the second reading and not in Committee, a Liberal split seems certain. If Mr. George should surrender, the session is equally assured of fame. Other formidable fences lie ahead of the Government—the Education and Land Development Bills. The time has indeed come for the three parties to re-dress their shop windows. And the only inducement which can persuade the public to glance at those windows is an all-round reduction, starting with the highest-priced articles. In short, economy is the only political slogan we will stand. Economy, starting with the Cabinet.

Adjusting Our Standards.—No one suggests that knocking a few thousands off the salaries of Ministers or even saving more important sums by a percentage cut in all official salaries would materially affect the situation. And no one seriously urges that under existing conventions Cabinet Ministers are overpaid or Civil Servants pampered. What the public is beginning to urge is that current social conventions are unsuitable in our present straits. Mr. Snowden, for example, drawing £5,000, reduced by taxation to £3,000, is forced by "convention" to keep up two establishments, one on a scale which he abhors, and to entertain on a certain scale. Ergo, Mr. Snowden is to be pitied, not envied. His tenure of office is quite insecure. He must keep a home to which he may retire when thrown out of office. In such circumstances £3,000 doesn't go very far. But, crippled as we are, should we not long since have adjusted our standards of what is fit and proper for a Minister to spend? In no other European country are Ministers expected to readjust their accustomed manner of life when called to office. That is what plain men are thinking to-day.

A National Movement.—How can we expect the railway man, the miner, to accept a lower scale of living on the ground that the industries they live on literally cannot support their present pay rolls, when they see a notoriously bankrupt business—the State—ever increasing its Board of Directors, and never contemplating an obvious gesture of economy at the top? We cannot expect it. The man in the street has tumbled to it. The politician has not done so. A great urge to economy, root and branch, is being forced up from below. And that is why I doubt if Mr. J. M. Keynes carried with him an appreciable percentage of his hearers in his broadcast last week. The nation is ripe for a supreme effort of sacrifice, once it is satisfied that that effort is to be a national one, embracing every rank and class in the State.

Alternative Vote.—If any subject were worthy of deep, anxious, and unfettered consideration, the representation of the people in Parliament is such an one. "Bill 82" is a hastily constructed, incompletely drafted, document, embodying some of the rough ideas which have collected round the general principle known as the "Alternative Vote." It is in short a chunk of raw meat which (it is hoped) may prove a sop to the political Cerberus who is always licking his lips in anticipation of something good coming his way. Let us treat it for the moment merely as a chunk of raw meat, for it is like enough to be torn and snarled over to such an extent that Cerberus may find it at last unrecognisable according to his notion of what a respectable sop should be. The rough idea of A.V. of course is this: You put your mark against the names of two candidates, your first and second choices. If your first choice cannot be elected, your second preference vote may redound to the advantage of your second favourite. But the Bill's Liberal and Democratic reforms do not end there. Election expenses are reduced by 1d. per elector, a big cut. The City of London is of course left severely alone, but elsewhere two-membered constituencies vanish and all University seats. The country parson and the M.A. (Oxon) mourn such venerable and eighteenth-century figures as Lord Hugh Cecil or Mr. Buchan. And there must be no room for sentiment in the people's charter. If hitherto you have been wont to lend your car to a crippled grandmother for an afternoon airing, you must be careful to cut out that act of piety and charity on polling day, for if the old lady directed your chauffeur to the polling booth, you would be guilty of High Treason and Low Corruption, and would be Hanged, Drawn, and Cut Down Alive. By these provisions a purer and more representative House of Commons is assured.

ADVISERS TO THE PRINCE: Messrs. A. K. Wilson and C. R. Hodgson, members of the Trade Mission to Buenos Ayres in connection with the British Exhibition in that City, were consulted on various technical points by the Prince of Wales before H.R.H. left with Prince George for South America

General White's Silence.—It is rare in these days of War memoirs and self-justification to hear of a soldier who has cheerfully and silently borne an unjust stigma for thirty-five years. For all those years General "Bobby" White has let the world believe that he set the fool's cap on the folly of the Jameson raid by taking into the Transvaal a labelled box containing a mass of secret and incriminating documents—and he a brand new staff officer just passed out of Sandhurst. The truth has at last been revealed by Colonel Stracey-Clitherow and henceforth the indiscretion must be added to the score of the late Sir John Willoughby. This little revelation sheds limelight on some highly picturesque characters. General White is to-day best known to the public as a defender of public rights in Richmond Park, yet before he settled down to earn a modest fortune as a stockbroker in the well-known firm of Govett, he had an adventurous career. As for Colonel Clitherow, he is, indeed, the essence of Ouida and the last of the Adventurous Victorians. He is nearly eighty, yet to some it seems only yesterday that he married that famous figure in social life, Mrs. Gurney. For years he has been a legend in Yorkshire, where his manners of speech and dress recall a bygone age when colour, character, and conviction made life a stronger brew than to-day it is.

The Police Chiefs.—At the time of writing, the Chief Commissioner of Police is in the South of France, and the post of his second in command is vacant. Mr. Trevor Bigham is carrying on. It is worth mentioning that Lord Byng, when he accepted office reluctantly and from a stern sense of duty, accepted it on the condition that the moment he had completed to his satisfaction the unpleasant task set him—of re-establishing confidence in the public and in the force—he should be free to resign. He completed his task to general admiration long since; his health is not good; he still remains, because nobody wants to advance the hour when the choice of a successor must be made. To find a successor to Lord Byng will be an almost impossible task, albeit no party or political issue could conceivably be bound up in the choice. The right man is wanting; a man of Lord Byng's character, approved by every divergent interest concerned, is a *rara avis*. It is glaringly clear that a successful or popular general, fresh from some big Army command, is the last choice in the world likely to be successful. Lord Byng is about as unlike your army commander as cheese is unlike chalk. But the choice cannot long be deferred.

To Buenos Aires.—The Prince is off on his important mission, and the main object of his tour—the British Trade Exhibition which he will open on March 14—is assured of success. He has indeed preknowledge of this fact, for he has kept in close touch with the promoters in London and has himself put in a lot of spade work in connection with it. From now on till the end of February, every ship bound for the Argentine will carry trade representatives; not agents, but principals; not mere salesmen but the directors of many of our big industrial concerns. For this is a supreme effort to recapture an immensely important market for British products, almost lost through unavoidable and avoidable causes. It is a thousand pities that the Government did not support the enterprise more handsomely, for it might well have recognized in this first all-British Exhibition in a foreign country a most valuable opportunity for advancing industrial research, a modern science of extraordinary importance in which (for once) Britain is recognized as in advance of all other countries. It is time that England woke up and took note of South America. We have there an apparently unsuspected *pied-à-terre*, a *pied-à-terre* which even America might envy. There is such a place as British Guiana, and it is to be hoped that its name will be better known in England this spring.

"Married on the Dole."—The scheme for transferring the workless from the distressed areas in South Wales is still fresh in memory. The recent acute and general trade depression has had an unhappy effect on this scheme. Rather than chance a more brilliant future elsewhere, men in these distressed areas have "accommodated themselves" to a standard of living which makes it possible for them to tolerate existence in idleness in their own place and to marry and bring up families on the additional benefits furnished by Public Assistance Committees. There is no doubt about it. The evidence is incontestable. It is quite often done. What we had regarded as an extravagant example of what a Dole system may lead to, is a familiar feature in South Wales. "And are men to live a life of celibacy indefinitely in South Wales?" asked a Woman Commissioner of the Royal Commission. It seems a fair question to ask. Only a callous Minister counters the claim: "*Mais, Monsieur, il faut vivre*" with a "*Je ne vois pas la nécessité.*" But that idea of *accommodating themselves* to a hideously low standard of living sticks in one's throat.

What the Reading Public Wants.—What is the literary form which will be the fashion for the next year or so? I have been at pains to canvass the opinions of several publisher friends. Their views boil down to this. America, the dictator of English literary fashion, is sheering off biography. She has had a surfeit of biography and wants a rest and change. The novel? The War novel has been overdone. British publishers who have contracted ahead in this well-worn line regret their impetuosity. The Babbitt School of Novel has lost its appeal. Sex and realism and dingy slices of life are passed without enthusiasm to disillusioned publishers' readers. To succeed to-day, the novel must embody a new and bright idea, be clothed in a novel dress or style, and must lift the reader a few yards above the atmosphere of sordid, dreary reality. There is always a welcome for a *Bridge of San Luis*, a *Rose Anstey*, a *Grand Hotel*.

Average Sales.—As for detective fiction, there is always a reasonable chance for a first-rater, but the standard to-day is immensely higher than a decade back. And in this connection, as a warning to budding authors, let me give a definition of "a reasonable chance." The average sales of a not remarkable novel are certainly below 500 copies. First-rate detective stories might average 1,000 copies—no more! Ergo, your industrious producer of one decent novel a year—even of one good-class detective story—is not likely to save money by his profession. He may call himself passing rich on £80 a year. Myself I believe Miss Delafield to be on the right tack. There is undoubtedly a great reaction towards the modern Cranford school. Social history may possibly prove an excellent guide to prudent publishers and authors, and it may be that the second industrial revolution will produce a demand for the same types of literature as the first—peace, simplicity, a kindlier humanity, romance in the old, grand manner. After all, literature still possesses a recreational value.

Twists at Twickenham.—The word "Twickenham" is engraved on the heart of every Welsh sportsman. Twickenham is the knave of hearts. People with weak hearts shouldn't risk going there. But for healthy men, not incurably partisan, it simply doesn't do to miss one of those rugger Internationals. Last Saturday's game fairly put the lid on Twickenham's reputation. Five minutes before the end it was even money on a draw. One minute before the end it was Golconda to a china orange of a Welsh victory at Twickenham at last. And then a tremendous trifle dashed the cup from triumphant lips. That anonymous off-side must be numbered with Jenkins's ear and Don Pacifico's *amour propre*. It produced consequences out of all proportion to its importance.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE FIRST INDIAN WOMAN BARRISTER TO APPEAR BEFORE THE PRIVY COUNCIL: Begum M. Faruki, in wig and gown, as she appeared before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council last week

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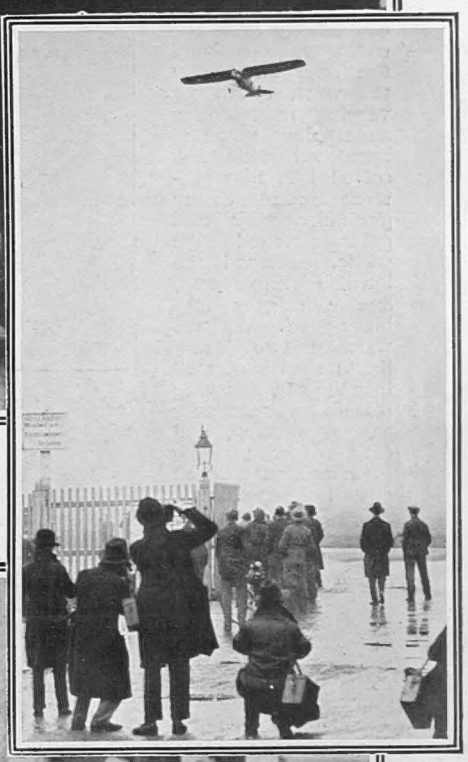
IMPERIAL AMBASSADORS *and the* INDIA CONFERENCE



AMBASSADORS OF EMPIRE: The Prince of Wales and Prince George are welcomed on their arrival at Le Bourget, whither they flew from Hendon Aerodrome *en route* for Santander, where they joined SS. *Oropesa* for their journey to South America. *On right* is the Prince's Puss Moth, seen over Hendon, and *on left* the Prince of Wales when in B.A. in 1925

THE FEDERAL STRUCTURE SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE INDIA ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE: *From left to right*—Lord Lothian, Lord Reading, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Peel, Mr. Lees-Smith, and Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor, who presided; on the other side are Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, and Mr. Jayaka. A spectacular scene marked the close of the India Round Table Conference in the beautiful and historic Queen Anne drawing-room of St. James's Palace. The Conference was brought to an end with a message from the King, which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, read to the delegates, all standing, at the conclusion of his own closing address. No sooner had the Prime Minister finished reading and had added the words "Signed with His Majesty's own hand," than a chord of music was heard. It was the first strains of "God Save the King," played by the band of the Coldstream Guards in an adjoining apartment, the Tapestry Room of the Palace. As the last note died away there was a moment's silence, and then Captain Sher Muhammad Khan, an Indian delegate, shouted "Three cheers for the King-Emperor!" All present responded with three ringing "Hip, hip, hurrahs." The Prime Minister, in his final speech, declared that the Government accepted the principle of a fully responsible central Government subject to the reservation of safeguards on defence, finance, foreign relations, and the protection of minorities. Control of these matters was to remain in the hands of the Governor-General as Viceroy. Mr. MacDonald stressed emphatically that before the British Government could agree to a complete scheme of self-government *the warring Indian factions would require in the first instance to settle their difficulties between themselves*

A NIGHT-EXPRESS *of the* AIR

The Thrill of a Flight from Berlin to Koenigsberg

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

When I was in Berlin, not long ago, I called on the management of the Deutsche Luft Hansa, who daily send over 200 'planes into the European skies, and mentioned that I was in search of Romance. They pondered the question with obvious enjoyment and then gave me a letter of introduction to the pilot of the night air express from Berlin to Koenigsberg.

One evening a day or two later we motored to the Tempelhof Flighthaven (to use the literal translation of the German *Flughaven*, a much better word than the ugly "aerodrome" or hybrid "air port"). The Tempelhof flighthaven has three advantages over all others that I know—its architecture is pleasing, it is inside Berlin and not miles out like Le Bourget or Croydon, and it has a good restaurant. An old gentleman of my acquaintance once observed that a certain popular restaurant provided the noisy bustle, bewildering confusion, and conversational impossibilities of a railway station buffet without the convenience of a train to escape from it. I recommend the Tempelhof Flighthaven to him. In the cooler evening of a Berlin heat-wave day we sat down at a little table on the terrace under the spread of an enormous cupola sun shade, and chose a dinner to salute the Romantic.

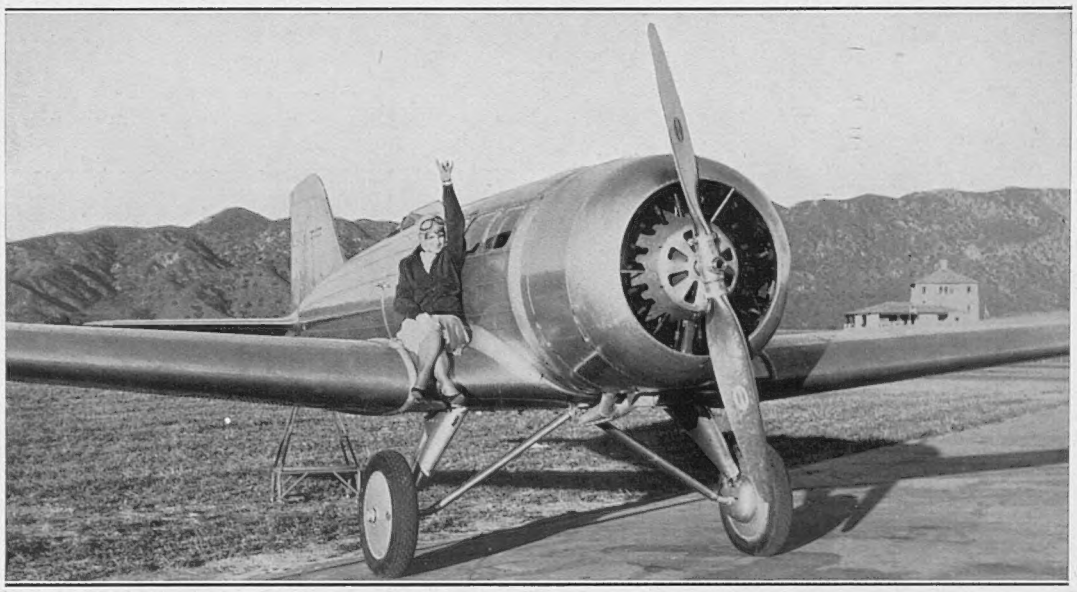
Later, while we sat contentedly over our coffee, white coals of fire were sinking in the west, constantly varying in intensity as rippling wisps of burnished cloud dissolved into new patterns round them; gradually pink and gold streaked the white, darkened the burnish into grey, and the grey into black pearl. Without warning two Verey lights shot westward into the air, throwing a brilliant green over the flighthaven, and fifty-seven glowing blood-red spots picked out its boundaries. From nowhere a fast-moving black speck appeared against the pink and gold of the horizon. Nature met man wandering across her skies and they travelled together awhile, harmonizing their different beauties. A last splendid shaft of light, down which the aeroplane raced, shone towards Berlin.

Then the dusk fell and the light on her undercarriage turned her into a speeding star. The deep note of her three engines began to reach our ears in steady crescendo. Within a minute she zoomed over our heads, circled the flighthaven and, as she banked steeply some 200 ft. above ground, flares at her wing-tips burst simultaneously into wind-driven flames, so that she rushed at the ground like some fiery-winged dragon out of a Grimm's fairy tale. So smoothly did she take the ground that we realized that she had left her element only by seeing underneath her the blades of grass light up yellowy-green, only to be blown out as they vanished beyond range of the flares with the suddenness of a myriad tiny candles, for an instant flickering furiously in the gust of the propellers. The flares themselves now died away save for a faintly persisting pin-point in the centre of each. Blinded for a moment by the sudden darkness, we saw her vague form manœuvring in the dusk. She came to a rumbling standstill fifty yards away from the foot of the terrace. Porters ran towards her with a little landing stage mounted on discarded aeroplane wheels; the door opened, and for a moment we could hardly believe that those were ordinary human beings like ourselves getting out of the monster. The London-Amsterdam-Berlin air express had arrived. . . . But it was a perceptible half-minute before the restaurant resumed its normal buzz and tinkle.

By a curious chance the orchestra began playing the fire music from *The Valkyrie* when the first Verey light went up. It might so easily have produced a sense of bathos or staginess, yet in fact the characteristic surge and flicker of the fire music, the sunset, the dusk, the ground lights, and the flares, were absorbed into a perfect emotional unity centred round the descending aeroplane.

Shortly after ten o'clock I presented my letter to the pilot of the Koenigsberg night express. He was a magnificent six-foot-six Nordic type of German, whose bearing and speech inspired confidence at once. "Does it bore you to fly so much?" I asked.

He laughed pleasantly and "The day that I am bored with flying," he said, "I shall crash; the control of a 1,000-h.p. liner with a dozen passengers on board needs unfailing concentration. To give but one instance, my wireless operator is in continuous touch with the flighthaven and keeps me informed of the atmospheric conditions to expect ahead of me; at any moment he might present me with a knotty problem needing an immediate decision."



AN AERIAL NOVELTY: The all-metal low-wing monoplane, fitted with a 650 h.p. Pratt-Whitney Wasp engine, which has a speed of 145 m.p.h. It is one of the first of its class to be built. The cabin has room for six people and the cockpit is open. It was launched at Los Angeles

Porters were busy packing the luggage hold in the tail of the liner, and an overflow of mail bags filled the two front seats. The mail was due not only for Koenigsberg, but for Riga, Reval, and Moscow. The Deutsche Luft Hansa line takes it as far as Reval, from where the Russian line, with which there is a working arrangement, carries on.

"Einsteigen," cried a voice cheerily.

Three passengers, all bound for Moscow, climbed up the embarkation ladder. There were besides these, two pilots, a wireless operator, and myself, joyously excited at the prospect of my first flight by night. At half-past ten my friend stood waving me good-bye as the great liner trembled under the first revolutions of her engines. We rumbled off slowly and turned to face the wind; then, tired of her previous clumsy gait, her engines opened at one turn into a roar and we gathered speed down the runway. A few seconds later the uncertain feeling of an aeroplane on the ground left us, and the uphill slope of the cabin became level as she rose cleanly into the moonlight. Main streets in the evening are to the foot passenger a continuous flood of light, but 1,000 ft. in the air the Berlin lamp standards showed up like the separate blobs of light on a time-exposure photograph taken after dark; they were, however, so thickly clustered that I might have been looking down on the Milky Way.

A beautiful panorama seen from an air-liner produces a sense of *ensemble* that cannot be obtained so completely in any other way; it is frequently, however, an *ensemble* so packed with a thousand interesting details that one has not time to absorb more than general impressions before another picture is presented; indeed, sometimes on a long flight over very varied country, the effort to take it all in makes one understand the dazed expression seen on the faces of those people who persist in walking rapidly through the National Gallery. There is scope for an inventor of a parachute designed to waft a man and his horse from an air-liner at will, since for the reflective enjoyment of the beauties of nature and man, shared with a friend, there is still no better nor more comfortable place than the saddle.

On the moonlit airway to Koenigsberg, I was relieved, however, from the strain of the day's kaleidoscope. Night merged the unessential detail, and taking cities, landscapes, and the Baltic waves for its theme, painted a single picture, broad yet delicate, in every shade of black and white, silver and gold, subtly toned with its own night-blue.

Airway is here the right word, for the way to Koenigsberg is sentinelled by lines of alternate red and white lights at intervals of 5 to 10 kilometres, each visible up to 15 kilometres, and intersecting the beams from its neighbouring lights at a given point. In this way a pilot coming suddenly out of a patch of cloud or mist can pick up his bearings immediately. There are also eight emergency landing grounds along the 650 kilometres of the way.

The air is continually forcing on the traveller's attention the contrast between the beauties of nature and the beauties of machinery. For instance, I was fascinated during the night by the blue tongues of flame for ever leaping into space, like little mad devils, from the mouths of the glowing exhaust pipes which ran fore to aft along each wing. From these my gaze dropped to earth over the many waters of the Oder Bruch, where I watched the quick-silver of the moonbeams skimming the surface of the broken river.

Although it was still quite dark, the sea robbed the night of some of its youth and made the dawn seem nearer than it was. The scattered lights of the ancient Hanseatic Free City of Danzig already showed behind us. On our right lay the long, narrow strip of land which divides the Baltic from the Frische Haff; a stray tramp was moving on the sea, her clear-cut wake spreading out like a fan behind her.

We were dropping slowly from the steady three thousand feet that we had been keeping all the way and soon passed over Koenigsberg. We circled the flighthaven, whose ground lights, lit up red and white to receive us, looked like the fairy lights of an Oxford garden in Commem. week. Then, seeming to stand still for a second at a perpendicular angle on the forty feet of our left wing, we banked. An instant later, perhaps three hundred feet above the ground, our wing-tip flares burst into flame and showed our nose heading down into a line of tall trees.

We sped many yards a few feet above the rushing torrent of grass, until two gentle bounds (as the balloon tyres touched the ground, rose a few inches and touched again) followed by the slight scraping jar of the metal runner under the tail told us that we were back from the clouds.

MUTE YET ELOQUENT TESTIMONY TO THE INCREASE OF AERIAL TRANSPORT: The popularity of air travel has added a new peril to motoring, with the result that in America road signs like this are to be seen lest cars have the tops clipped off as the planes swoop for a landing

THE ITALIAN PERSONNEL OF THE BIGGEST ORGANIZED FLEET OF AEROPLANES EVER TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN FORMATION

THE SECOND LAUNCH OF THE RECORD BREAKER: *Miss England II* being hauled by caterpillar tractor to the shores of Lough Neagh, Ireland, where she will undergo extensive speed tests with Mr. Kaye Don, the famous racing driver, at the wheel. The boat has been reconstructed after the disaster at Lake Windermere in which Sir Henry Segrave lost his life. *On left* is seen the actual moment of the launch. *The top picture* shows the pilots and crew of the twelve Italian seaplanes which successfully undertook the stupendous task of flying the Atlantic in formation. Led by General Balbo, the Air Minister (the bearded figure in the centre), the machines took off from Lake Orbetello, near Rome, on December 17, bound for Rio de Janeiro via Cartagena, Kenitra, Villa Cisneros, Bolama (where two of the machines crashed with the loss of five lives, those of Captain L. Boer, Lieutenant D. Barbicinti, Sergeant-Major L. Fois, Sergeant-Major E. Imbastari, and Sergeant F. Nensi)—Port Natal and Bahia. The great trans-atlantic hop from Bolama to Natal—1,900 miles—was covered in 17 hours and formation was retained throughout. General Balbo's squadron was among the first to arrive

MECHANICAL NEWS

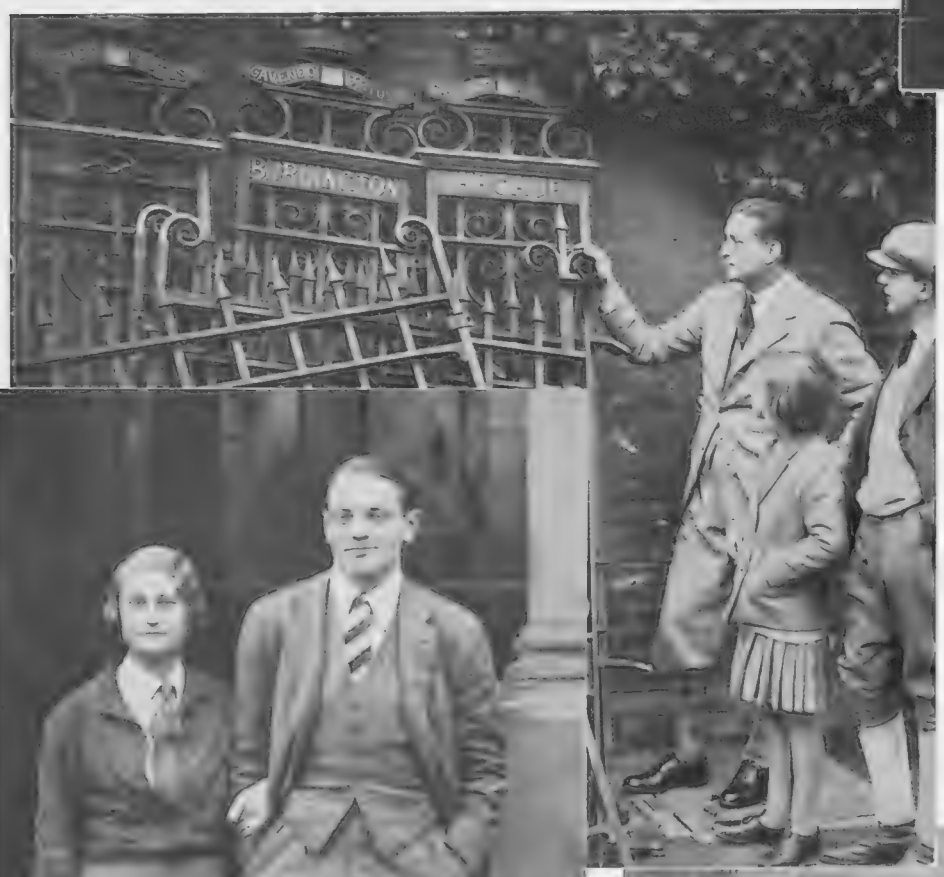
Atmospheric and Marine

The ROUND *of the* DAY

The Latest News Told in Pictures

MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE—BIRD! Mme Conchita Superbia, the famous Spanish singer, visited the Zoo before her performance at the Albert Hall, and made friends with a number of the residents. She sang in the parrot house and Cocky, the sixty-year-old cockatoo, thoroughly enjoyed the concert

A LADY OF TWO ARTS: Miss Kit Orpen, daughter of the famous R.A., has made her debut on the stage as a "Chelsea guest" in *Tantivy Towers*, the hunting-cum-Chelsea musical satire by A. P. Herbert, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith



A RUGBY BETROTHAL: Mr. I. B. Stuart, the Irish International and the Sports Master of Harrow School, with his fiancée, Miss Barbara Millar, and her bull dog, Liza. *Above*—A NOTABLE PURCHASE: Lord Chesham inspects the Burlington Arcade gates he has bought for his seat, Latimer House. The Arcade was built by an ancestor Lord Chesham

ALL WILLS TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED: A super-camera has been installed and a dark room built at Somerset House for the photographing of wills. A new system has been introduced to enable the public to inspect such documents and to supply copies of them—photographic copies only being obtainable. The camera is here seen in action. *Above*—A LADY DIRECTOR OF A FAMOUS CLUB: Lady Ian Malcolm, who has joined the board of the Kit-Cat Club, is yet another recruit from the ranks of women of the leisured class to an active business life. Her first effort is to arrange special inexpensive luncheons for women at the Kit-Cat

SEEKING the MOTHER of OIL

Pursuing His Quiet Quest Amid the Hurly-burly of Other Searches for Black Gold, Dr. Parker D. Trask, Geologist and Prospector Extraordinary, has been Combing the Seven Seas to Answer Literally the Burning Question of the Hour — Where to Find Petroleum

By GEORGE W. GRAY

The lure of black gold! At this moment hundreds of scientists, geologists, physicists, chemists, microscopists, and other specialists, are pushing into odd corners of the earth making tests, probing the crust, sounding the sub-surface rocks, feeling out the hidden formations by seismographs, torsion balances, and sensitive electrical devices—searching for oil, petroleum, black gold.

Amid the hurly-burly of prospecting there is one oil investigator who pursues a quiet quest with three-quarters of the globe's surface as his field of study. He is not excited by the fever and rush of the other seekers. Indeed, he has no competition, and the results of his work are openly published for the information of any who may wish to use them.

When I visited his laboratory headquarters in Princeton last month he was preparing a report summarizing his fourth year of investigation for publication in the early winter. And he talked freely and with lively gusto of his unique adventure of prospecting the Seven Seas, not for oil, but for the mother of oil—the original raw material, and the processes by which it is transmuted into black gold.

This sea-going scientist is Dr. Parker D. Trask. His work is carried on under the auspices of the American Petroleum Institute, a national association of the petroleum industry.

In 1925 Mr. John D. Rockefeller, sen., and the Universal Oil Products Company each gave the Institute 250,000 dollars, payable in equal instalments over a period of five years, and designated that the gifts should be used to support petroleum research.

How petroleum forms in the rocks has long been one of the mysteries. Formerly it was considered by some scientists as an inorganic product derived from chemical elements without the aid of living matter—that is, formed in much the same way as tin and copper ore are formed. But the prevailing opinion to-day is that petroleum is an organic product, resulting from the alteration and decomposition of the tissues of plants or animals. Important questions are: what is the nature of these alteration and decomposition processes, and what plants or animals supply the raw material?

Practically all of the mother rocks—the shales and the limestones which produce oil—are of marine origin. This is true of all the principal petroleum-producing regions of the earth. The oil comes up from ancient sea beds millions of years old—submarine rock covered by the overlying sediment of eons, rock, which through geological upheavals, has been folded and, in many cases, thrust above sea level, eventually to seep its oil into sandstone reservoirs and under thick impervious cap rock, there to await the ultimate puncture of our drills.

The petroleum scientists want to know how these mother rocks are formed. What are their necessary ingredients? By what process are they changed into oil? Where, if anywhere, are oil deposits now forming?

There is just one way to answer such questions, and that is by going down to the sea, and searching Davy Jones's locker for such geological news items as it may contain.

A committee of scientists and oil executives is in advisory charge of the project. The actual work of making the investigations was intrusted to Dr. Trask as Research Associate.

Trask is a geologist. Since he is also a graduate of the University of Texas, where the oil derrick has become symbolical of the region, you can guess that petroleum is an early and familiar subject to him. He further increased his knowledge of things geological by graduate studies at the University of California, likewise located in an oil empire. But Trask had turned his back on commercialism, and was busily engaged in teaching geology at Yale University, when the committee offered him this opportunity to go to sea as genealogical investigator of petroleum.

In June, 1926, he began his work. It has claimed his whole time ever since, and has carried him into far places—Russia, South America, Cuba, the Florida Keys, the Mexican and Californian coasts, the Caribbean waters off Venezuela, the Pacific waters off California, Washington, and British Columbia, inland lakes and forested marshes here and abroad.

His principal exploring equipment is a valved tube of brass. In shallow water Dr. Trask works with it on the end of a long iron handle, thrusting the sampler into the sediment and down to the required depth. In this way he has, by bare muscle power, pierced through as much as 23 ft. of mud to sample an underlying stratum.

In exploring deep water the tube is weighted and dropped on the end of a wire to depths, ranging from a few fathoms to more than a mile. Resembling the imperative exclamation point more than it does the more polite question mark, this pushing, persistent, insistent metal investigator accepts no evasion but doggedly bites its way into the submarine ooze and brings up its answer in the form of slimy, tinted mud hundreds and thousands of years old.

Not only does Dr. Trask do this sea-bottom sampling himself, but he has enlisted a score of helpers in various parts of the world to whom he has supplied sampling apparatus. Thus two ships of the Hudson's Bay Company have nipped up bottom mud in Behring Sea and other northern waters. A vessel of the Dutch Navy sent him specimens of sea bottom off Java. The Finnish Hydrographic Commission supplied ooze from the Gulf of Bothnia.

On a recent visit to London, Trask was given the freedom of Sir John Murray's collection of 10,000 ocean sediment specimens, and brought home 325 of these for further study. Among them are samples gathered on the famous cruise of the *Challenger* more than a half century ago. He looked over the 7,000 bottles of sediment stored in the National Museum in Washington, results of various Government expeditions, and has 425 of these for analysis. Of the many samplings taken by the *Carnegie* on her recent oceanographic cruise of the Atlantic and Pacific, fifty have been selected by the geologist as possible clues to the lineage of oil. Altogether, Dr. Trask has some 1,600 samplings.

"They represent all the oceans of the world, including the Arctic and the Antarctic, and almost all the smaller seas, gulfs, and bays," he explained. "About the only important water from which I still have to get a bottom sample is the Persian Gulf—and we hope to fill that gap soon."

This collecting of mud is only part of the scientist's task. The other part is to make the mud tell its tale; what it is made of—what it contains—and whether it can be made to yield oil.

For this analytical work Dr. Trask has the collaboration of a chemist, Mr. Harald E. Hammar, of the New Jersey Agricultural College at New Brunswick. And for laboratory facilities he has the use of equipment at the Frick Chemical Laboratories at Princeton.

And what have the geologist and the chemist found in tracing down the roots of petroleum's ancestral tree;

"We have found definite evidence that oil may be produced from marine sediments containing organic material," said Dr. Trask. "When we distil the mud we obtain an oil much like petroleum. The richest yield we have produced is three gallons of oil to a ton of sediment—such results were obtained from bottom samples taken from the Channel Island waters off the California coast, and from the inland sea of Venezuela, known as Lake Maracaibo.

"Almost as productive are the limey oozes collected from the sea floor south of Florida, and also south of Cuba. Here we got a yield of two-and-a-half gallons of oil a ton.

"There were many sea bottoms which yielded smaller proportions, and a great many which formed no oil at all. We found no oil-producing deposits in mid-ocean. All of the affirmative results were obtained from sediments deposited within one hundred miles of shore.

"We found also that the oil producing sediments contain organic matter, the evidence of planktonic remains—that is, microscopic plant and animal life of the sea. The richest oil-yielding sediment is from regions where plankton is prevalent.

"However, it has turned out that in several instances, near-shore waters which teem with life nevertheless have failed to accumulate oil bearing sediments.

"The Channel Islands region off Southern California provides convincing demonstration of the influence of the shape of the sea bottom on the source bed possibilities of sediment. Here the bottom is furrowed into a succession of depressions, which form natural basins for trapping and holding the organic matter as it sinks from the overlying water. In the bottom of one of these basins we found sediments that are the most likely source material for petroleum, that we have yet encountered in our study of ocean deposits. And yet, only ten miles away, on the slope into one of these basins, we found so little organic matter that the sediment must be considered very poor indeed.

It would seem, then, that in certain areas of the sea which are (1) near shore, and where (2) plankton abound, and where (3) the bottom structure is such as to provide natural basins, mother rocks of oil are forming to-day. May we look for petroleum pools here in the future?

"Yes, presumably, but in the very distant future," answered Dr. Trask. "We do not know how long it takes for a sediment to generate petroleum. We can date rocks by the fossils we find in them, and it seems likely that among the youngest rocks now producing petroleum are those of the Los Angeles basin. These are Pliocene in age, which dates them back at least eight million years on our geological time scale. We cannot say that it has taken all of this period for oil to form. Probably the oil has been ready, and waiting, for thousands of years for man to tap it."

The time factor in petroleum formation has been a subject of debate in recent years. Some geologists have thought that the oil forms in the sediment at the time of the accumulation of organic matter or shortly thereafter. Others have denied the probability of this, holding that the petroleum is slowly generated from the organic matter by the combined forces of the earth's internal heat, chemical reactions, and the pressure of overlying sediments, the process extending over a long time.

"Our recent research gives results which support the second theory," said Dr. Trask. "For in no sediment did we find oil already formed. We took samples that were richest in organic material—those from Channel Island waters, from Pamlico Sound, from Florida Bay, and from an algal lake in Florida. If there had been the merest trace of oil it would have shown in our analyses, and in no instance did we find petroleum. If oil forms immediately, or soon after the sediment is deposited, it would seem that some should appear in these rich beds."

SPRINGING A SURPRISE AND A LEAK: An abandoned oil well in Los Angeles shoots a column of mud and water 300 ft. into the air and inundated the city for acres around

How, then, if the sediments contain no oil, can they produce two or three gallons a ton on distillation? "Because in our tests, the oil is formed by a chemical reaction of the organic matter—a transformation brought about by heating the sediment in the absence of air."

But the evidence is that, in nature, this process is a slow one. Who is going to stake out a sea bottom claim now, on the chance that it may become a productive oil field about the year 1,000,000?

Nobody, though it is interesting that two of the richest sedimentary deposits are adjacent to two richly producing oil fields, these being in California and in Venezuela. But the object of Dr. Trask's work is not to map sea beds for future oil drilling.

"The practical outcome of our work, we hope, will be to establish the identity of mother rocks," he explained. "We are trying to establish criteria so definite, that a geologist will be able to recognize the capacity of a rock to produce oil.

"Suppose a geologist finds a favourable 'structure'—that is, a trap and a reservoir rock, as he often does—but cannot be sure that oil is there. All right, set up a derrick, drill a hole and take cores all the way down. Suppose we know what is source material, and suppose the cores show that the source material is poor. This would indicate that the structure is barren, and therefore the drilling of additional wells would be futile."

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LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

CROSSING THE SEA OF SAND.—France is preparing to connect and unite her vast African colonies—her "Black Empire"—and to bring it closer to the homeland. Another stage towards a "Greater France!"

Clemenceau once said, "There is no stationary condition in the life of nations." France has made that maxim her own. As there is no standing still, in order not to slip back she advances. That advance is in Africa. Her Empire in the Black Continent, whose tremendous resources, human and material, have scarcely been tapped, is becoming more important to France than North Africa was to Rome. The French have carried a security greater than in Paris, into the very heart of the Sahara, as I know from my own travels there. Tourists may now penetrate down to the mysterious Hoggar regions of the blue-veiled Tuaregs, in motor-cars.

Now the long-discussed project of bridging the "Ocean of Sand"—the Sahara—that divides French North Africa from her West African colonies and the Congo, with a railway line, is taking form. Two years ago the French Parliament authorized the appointment of a Special Commission of Engineers to go to Africa to study the practicability of railway connections from the Mediterranean to the Niger River.

The Committee has reported unanimously that the building of such a trans-Sahara Railway is indeed practical. It has political, economical, last but not least, military strategical aspects, arguing strongly for such a railway line, says the Commission.

Politically, it would unite North and West Africa into a French Imperium. Economically, it would open new territories to development, and give impetus to irrigation projects and a new cotton-growing region. Militarily, it would facilitate the quick mobilization and rapid transport of France's "Black Army," were France in danger. The actual desert stretch of the line would be about 900 miles.

The construction of the line and the cost of the necessary rolling-stock—locomotives and vans—is estimated at two billion two hundred million francs. To this must be added between 700,000,000 and 800,000,000 francs interest. The building of this trans-Saharan Railway is to be spread over ten years. The financial experts of the Commission are of the opinion that the French public can absorb loans, for the building of such a line, up to 300,000,000 francs per year for the ten-year period. A deficit is reckoned with during the first few years of operation, after which, so the Commission believes, it will be a very profitable investment.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN IN CHINA.—China's jazzy youth, the invasion of an adaptation of westernized night-life into the Celestial Republic, "evils" of dancing, and vagaries of the "modern girl," are a few, but not the least, of the problems tormenting the Nationalist Government in Nanking.

Contrary to western characteristics, but what one might expect in the paradoxical East, the North is gay and naughty according to the sober, suppressed South. I found night-life, both of the orthodox Chinese "Sing-Song Girl" variety, and imported western cabaret type, flourishing and booming in Peiping (Pekin). But in Nanking, the new capital of New China, dancing is officially frowned upon as "an evil tending to encourage moral degradation," unworthy of the national capital of China. Officials are "instructed to take prompt steps to prohibit and suppress such activities." Mah-jong, too, that classical Chinese game, is not encouraged in the South. I was told by some mischievous spirits in Nanking when I was there that noiseless rubber pieces replace clicking, rattling ivory—a familiar street noise in China, emanating from tea-houses frequented by mah-jong devotees. It is not the mah-jong but the attendant gambling which comes under the ban.

President Chiang Kai-shek aims at making Nanking the "cleanest" metropolis in the world. Forcing progress, very ably modernizing his capital, having accepted Christianity himself at the persuasion of his Christian wife, the triumphant war-lord wants the "best of the West" for his country and none of its "evils."

In the meanwhile Peiping has been supplementing its traditional Chinese night-life of feasts, sing-song girl parties, mah-jong, international night-life of dances and galas in foreign hotels and Russian cabarets, with Chinese cabarets, employing Chinese girl dancing partners, available to jazz, waltz, or tango for a fixed fee.

CELESTIAL MODERNITY.—I hear from Peiping that Young China is so lured and attracted by this popularization of western gaiety, that Chinese men and women are often in the majority at the hotel dances and entertainments. Also that the formerly secluded "Ladies of the Courtyard" are gracing mixed dinner parties. The Chinese managers of all these new cabarets springing up in Peiping, Tientsin, and Hankow learned their business and its possibilities in Shanghai—for long years of glamorous, gay reputation.

THE WIFE OF THE PURITAN PRESIDENT: Mme Chiang Kai-shek, in merry mood during the grand military review at Nanking on the occasion of the second anniversary of his rule as the President of the Chinese Republic. Chiang Kai-shek's legislation to achieve his social ideal is discussed on this page

Shanghai remains a step ahead all the time. I received an enthusiastic letter from a Chinese girl in that city the other day describing the wonderful fashion parades of Chinese dresses on Chinese models, which, she says, are now an accepted and expected phase of hotel dance-teas and "cocktail hours."

Shanghai can even boast a little Hollywood on the site of the old American Country Club. The Chinese Star Motion Picture Company is equipped to turn out two pictures a month, employs twenty Celestial "stars" and pays "extras" 2s. a day. A Chinese movie queen can earn £50 a month, which is a great deal in China, and blazes a new trail for feminine prestige, since the highest salaried male star has so far not achieved more than £20 or £30 a month.

The first Chinese "talkie" is *The Singing Peony*, starring Butterfly Wu in a characteristic story of filial piety and daughterly devotion.

While there is nothing to hinder Shanghai, international terrain, from setting the pace of amusement, Peiping is anxiously waiting to see what General Chang Yin-wu will have to say about the old capital's new boom in night-life, when he returns to his post as Mayor. The "farm-boy Mayor" as he is called, temporarily departed to direct an Army. He is puritanical in his views and quite in accord with Nanking in condemning dancing, smoking, drinking, and public entertainment.

MODERNITY IN CHINA: Shanghai embodies all the comforts of the west — even to woman hairdressers

SCIENCE VERSUS GOD: The anti-religious exhibition of atheist literature organized by the Central Municipal Workers' Club of Moscow —one of the facets of Soviet rule we shall do well not to follow!

A LEAD FROM RUSSIA.—Why not a "Three Year Plan," or even a "Five Year Plan" in Britain for trade restoration, re-employment, and constructively overcoming the economic crisis?

Russia has its now so famous "Five Year Plan" for reconstruction and industrialization. All the energies of government and nation are concentrated upon, and directed towards, carrying out that plan.

One cannot help but wonder why Russia, the outcast among nations, should be the only one in this era of world economic depression to have the intelligence, the initiative, the will, boldly to meet her own terrible economic crisis with so daring a clearly-thought-out plan of aggressive, positive, activist measures.

Other nations stand off and look on sceptically. Jeer or smile derisively. But where is there one that sets a better example of meeting its own economic crisis with initiative, constructive thought, and iron will to victory over adverse conditions?

One may doubt whether the Soviet Government can execute so colossal a plan with the limited financial resources at its command. One may differ as to its merits in some details. One may well question the methods that in some respects savour of serfdom. But—one can only admire the genius that conceived such an idea, the courage to such a bold decision, the will to carry it out.

Russia is setting an example that every other nation in the present great world crisis might well follow. Notably Britain.

To adopt the Russian idea of a constructive "plan" on which the country can focus its hopes, and concentrate its energies, it is not necessary to import Russian methods.

Have we in England a "plan" for national or imperial operation to combat the adverse economic conditions in the Empire? We have not. We have a "muddle." We are rather proud of our muddling through.

The wheels of the great British Empire are running more and more slowly. We cannot always live off the momentum given by the past.

The Russian "Five Year Plan" is nothing less than substituting peace objectives of construction and upbuilding for war objectives, and, figuratively, the transformation of the gigantic military operations plan of the General Staff of a vast army for five years of war into a peaceful work-offensive for the same period. And in the Russian plan those peace objectives are advanced upon with the same iron will to victory, the same ruthlessness that reckons not the cost with which armies are led, sometimes driven, towards war objectives on the field of battle.

Britain is both plan-less and goal-less. No miracle will dissipate the economic crisis. It will take hard thinking, constructive planning, hard work, united energy, determination. Every nation should make a "plan," and then carry it out. Britain needs a Trade Restoration Plan. It needs a plan that has as its objective the solution of unemployment. It should have a plan for settling the India political problem, and then for friendliest economic co-operation, so that India may again be a better customer in trade. With Australia there should be a practical plan for filling some of that "empty continent" with constructive and productive elements of surplus humanity from Europe, before the vacuum in that continent becomes the future menace to peace in that part of the world. There should be a similar plan for East Africa. There should be a plan for an Imperial Trade Restoration campaign. And all these plans should merge into one big plan with certain objectives to be reached at stated periods precised in advance.

THE SURVEY *of The* SPHERE

The Latest Foreign News Told in Pictures

HONOUR FOR TWO PRINCES OF SPAIN: The Infante Prince Don Fernando of Bavaria, uncle by marriage of the King of Spain, invested his two sons, the Infantes Don Luis Alphonso and Don Jose Eugenio with the Royal Order von Hidalgo, of which Order he is the President, at his Palace in Madrid. Rumour has it that the engagement of Don Luis Alfonso to his first cousin once removed, the Infanta Beatriz, will shortly be announced

THE ART DIRECTOR OF THE STATE PLAYHOUSE IN BERLIN: Herr Ernst Legal, who, after protracted negotiations has been engaged as Art Director of the great Stadtschauspielhaus, in Berlin, to take up which appointmen the has had to resign his position as Art Director of the Kroll Opera, Berlin, where he achieved a considerable reputation

THE OPENING OF THE BOCKBIER SEASON: The inaugural ceremony at the Neue Welt at the Hasenheide, Berlin, of a people's festa, imported into Germany from Bavaria. Bavarians of both sexes in national costumes serve the customers. Bavarian folk-dances are danced to Bavarian tunes, played by a Bavarian band, and Bavarian scenes are performed on a stage. The beer is served in *Massln*—earthenware jugs—and curled shards of white radishes (which stimulate the thirst) are served. The walls are decorated with scenes of bucks *(bock)* in mountainous landscapes

HOCH i PROSIT! A scene at the Bockbier festival in Berlin—a traditional democratic function emanating from Bavaria. The South German festivals have a picturesqueness and a gaiety lacking in the more sombre north, approaching, as they do, the old Catholic traditions of Bohemia, Moravia, and Austria. Nothing shows the post-War trend of Germany more significantly than the importation into Berlin of a festival from the nation which, previous to 1914, was regarded as inferior to the Prussian *Kultur*

A POLITICAL SCANDAL OF JAPAN: M. Ichita Kobashi, ex-Minister of Education, who was given five months' imprisonment in connection with the private railway scandals which staggered Tokio. The ex-Minister is seen above with his lawyer, M. Imamura, who defended him at the Tokio District Court

MOUNTAINS of FLAME

Volcanoes in Eruption All Over th

A MOUNTAIN OF GLASS: The Father Hubbard Expedition to Alaska encountered this strange phenomenon in obsidian—a dark vitreous lava—600 ft. high. It is broken into columnar structure, and its flat surfaces have the iridescence of a raven's wing

THE LARGEST ACTIVE VOLCANIC CRATER IN THE WORLD: T perimeter of the crater being 21 miles. In the centre of this crater is Vent Mountain, and the almost as large Veniaminoff, to be active, spent two weeks inside this crat vents). Surprise Lake, a spawning bed for salmon, is to be s

THE MOUNTAIN OF DEATH: An impressive picture of Merapi, which rendered, by its recent eruption, 30,000 people homeless and 1,300 lifeless. Towering 9,000 ft. high, it is one of a range surrounding the Idjen Plateau in Middle Java. All the farms in the vicinity of this fatally erupting mountain have been abandoned

FLAME SHEATHED IN ICE: The 2,600 ft. high volcano on Saunders Island, research ship, *Discovery II.* The ship vindicated Captain Cook, who first discover "Candlemas Islands," from the day they were sighted. Later a German explorer sur Until this year

The word volcano conjures up in the mind of the average man Vesuvius, Etna, Hecla, Krakatoa, and Hawaii; off-hand, the only mountain of flame in a land of ice to be recalled is the third-named. But to-day, when there is a recrudescence of volcanic activity in many quarters of the globe—notably in Java and Guatemala—and the attention of the world is drawn to these seismic disturbances, we present the above remarkable pictures of fire-mountains, notably those of Alaska, whence an expedition has just returned. This was led by the Rev. Bernard F. Hubbard, known as the Alaskan "Glacier Priest," head of the Department of Geology of the Jesuit University of Santa Clara, California, who was accompanied by four Santa Clara men, Roderick ("Red") Chisholm, a professor at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, his brother Kenneth, James Barron, and Charles Bartlett. On his trip Father Hubbard explored the volcanic craters of Aniakchak and Veniaminoff, known simply as locations on the map of the Alaskan Peninsula hitherto, but not known to be active.

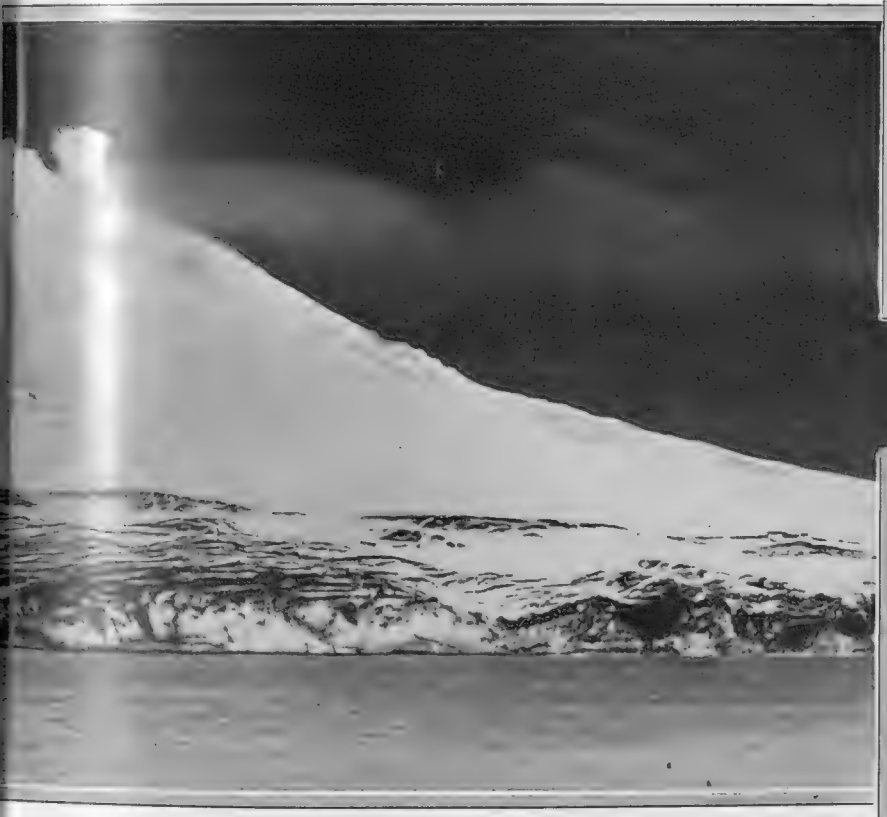
The fact that the two Alaskan craters are now active, according to Father Hubbard, renders them the two largest active volcanic craters in the world. Aniakchak measures twenty-one miles round the rim, and Veniaminoff twenty. The largest-known active crater heretofore was Katmai, also on the Alaskan Peninsula, in the valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. The perimeter of Katmai, however, measures only eight and a half miles. The rim of Aniakchak was first

in LANDS of ICE

Surface of the Globe

huge Aniakchak crater, Alaska, whose distant rim is 7 miles airline from the camera, the volcano within a volcano. The Father Hubbard Expedition, which first discovered Aniakchak, which has an area of 30 square miles, and discovered dozens of active fumaroles (volcanic in the left foreground, while on the right are dramatic rock formations

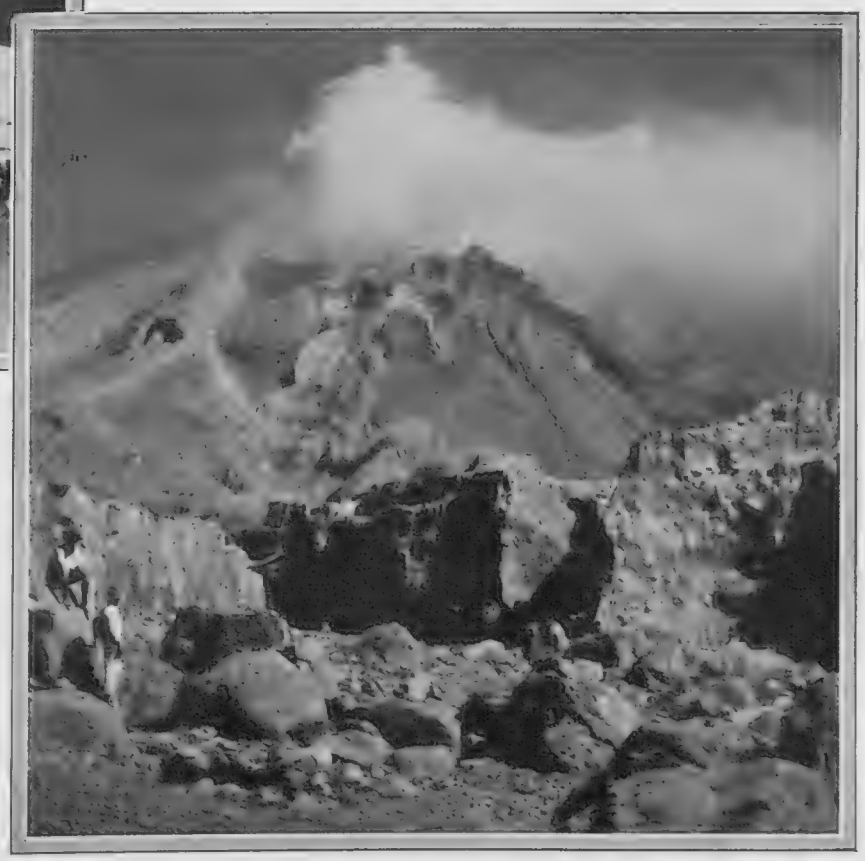
FACING FIRE: Father Hubbard, styled the "Glacier Priest," who led a recent expedition to the mountains, volcanic and ice-laden, of Alaska, is seen above looking down into one of the craters discovered by him to be active in no uncertain manner



the foreground of which is a glacier superficially patched with mud, visited by the royal the South Sandwich Islands which he named Southern Thule. Two of these he christened that only one island existed, but the new expedition states that the earlier report is correct. islands were uncharted

attacked. The party spent two weeks inside the crater, exploring a thirty-mile area, in which they found dozens of active fumaroles, or volcanic vents. The crater abounded in life, particularly rabbits, grouse, and Kodiak bears. The explorers next turned their attention to Veniaminoff and, to use the words of Father Hubbard, "It almost had us licked."

After climbing 4,000 feet they found themselves confronted by 4,000 feet more of stone wall, almost vertical, to which even the glacier could not stick. By forced marches, since time was getting short, they circled the base of the crater until, on the Bering Sea side, they found it accessible. On reaching the rim of Veniaminoff, at an elevation of 8,000 feet, they found the stone cup of the crater, 2,000 feet below, was filled with a glacier. Father Hubbard claims that there were almost twenty-five square miles of ice in it, the largest and probably the only crater glacier in the world. Out of the centre of the ice rose a volcanic cone, from which the top had recently been blown, and which was rumbling and puffing out ashes. It was an active volcano packed in ice. The Vent Mountain rising in the centre of the crater was the first climb of importance encountered by the party. After a few hours of cautious climbing, roped together, as a slip meant a drop of several hundred feet, the expedition gained the top. Sheer broken walls of bright-red lava formed an explosive crater in the Vent Mountain 600 feet deep and more than 1,000 feet in diameter.



BREATH OF DEVASTATION: The famous volcano of Santa Maria, in the Central American Republic of Guatemala, is again in eruption. Easily the most active of the Central American fire-mountains, Santa Maria in 1902 erupted so violently that it obliterated the town of Quezaltenango. The Indian calls the volcano "the mountain which smokes"

INDIA — MOSLEM and

The Types Presented on this Page were Selected from an Enormous Number and the Note

A Muhammadan Merchant of Bombay in his embroidered gown

A Moplah, a member of a fanatical half-Arab sect race in Southern India, who rose a few years ago and massacred with great brutality their Hindu neighbours. They had agrarian grievances and were stirred by sedition-mongers

A peasant of Kashmir. A member of an ancient race converted to Islam by force many centuries ago. Magnificent of thew but small in heart, owing to the oppression with which they were treated for 1,000 years before the Pax Britannica

A Muhammadan Rajput soldier of the Punjab, a class who serve largely in the Army and were much distinguished in the World War

A Muhammadan dancing girl. The descendant of a thousand years of courtezan matriarchy, who is Moslem only by contemptuous acquiescence

Pathan tribesmen of the Peshawar district on the Indian Frontier, Clansmen of the "Children of Joseph." Some of these tribesmen are of Semitic blood; others are Aryans grown warlike from their hereditary environment

That India is a land of countless millions, many races, several religions, and numerous languages is now a little better realized by the stay-at-home portion of our people than it was perhaps six months ago. They have listened to the cooing of the dabbler in political experiment who believes that a stroke of the pen will make 320 millions into one race and one people, and they have heard the men who know tell them that it is Britain and the selected British sons sent to India who have brought peace to this land, and made the life of the humble and meek bearable, who have driven famine from the door and cholera from the hearth. To realize these things is no easy matter, yet these pictures of a few of the varying types may help the reader to understand. The pictures on the left are the types of Moslem life, those on the right Hindu, with one of the quite foreign Parsee element. Among the Moslems see a group of Pathans from the Frontier Province in the north. These are the men who for the thousand years before the coming of the *Pax Britannica* rode over the land in the wake of kings, hacked their way to power, earned grants of land and whose descendants will be found all over India, alongside the Moslems that their swords, and perhaps the appeal of Islam, have converted. They have no intention of submitting to a Parliament of Hindu lawyers and merchants unless it has hired British bayonets to support it. Then we have, in the long robes, a Moslem merchant of Bombay. His birth is hard to tell, but he is probably the descendant of a converted Hindu whose forbears married Arab or Afghan women. He is probably an enterprizing trader whose word is as good as his bond, who is somewhat sympathetic with the talk of the political classes, but at bottom, capable of "seeing red" to the cry of his faith in danger. The ragged bearded man, bare to the waist, is a Moplah, meaning "mother's son" a fiercely fanatical peasant on the west coast of Southern India, descended of the intercourse between Arab visitors and Hindu or aboriginal women. The tall soldier is a Muhammadan soldier from the yeomanry of the Punjab, who furnish many thousands of the best portion of our regiments. He belongs to a Hindu Rajput clan which accepted Islam perhaps five hundred years ago. The old peasant face of the Kashmiri cultivator is more than interesting. It is a race partly Aryan and partly ancient Dravid, a still older people, who inhabit this glorious upland vale of Kashmir. They were converted to Islam many a hundred years ago, and ruled most oppressively by Afghan and Turk, so that with the finest thews in India they have the smallest heart. Then last but not least attractive, is the little dancing girl of the North nominally Moslem, as better than being out-caste, descendant of matriarchal courtezan ancestry for a thousand years, owning a soul which no one has ever tried to find, a creature who is as the foam on the sea-shore.

HINDU:

The Great Conflicting Elements which the Round Table Conference has Tried to Reconcile

Written Specially for "THE SPHERE" by Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn

A Parsee Merchant Prince of Bombay, Member of the ancient Persian race and professing the age-old faith of Zoroaster

A Nayar Girl, from Southern India, despite her comeliness, absolutely out-caste and untouchable to orthodox Hindus, though professing the Hindu faith

The Maharaja of Bikanir, a Rajput warrior of ancient lineage whose clear-cut features have an almost European cast differing from the conventional conception of the Hindu

A Sikh Soldier of the Malwai in the uniform of the 15th Sikhs of a few years back

High Caste Aryan Hindu Ladies who show the clean-cut profile of the Aryan race

As we go to press, the Round Table Conference is drawing to its close. Many of the princes have left London. There is a cleavage almost unbridgable, a difference apparently unreconcilable, between the Muhammadan and the Hindu elements in the land with regard to the question of electoral representation. The Moslems are, according to their own case, fighting for their very existence, lest they, the actors, be overwhelmed by the multitude of Brahminist Hindus, the talkers on the basis of 134 seats in territorial electorates.

The Hindu gallery shows a different cult and racial trend. First and foremost stands the typical Aryan and almost British profile of the Maharaja of Bikanir, friend of the English. Free from fear as his sonorous Persian titles go, a Rajput chief of clans clean bred from the ancient warrior classes of the white race who have peopled Europe, Persia, and Northern India. The high-bred Hindu ladies also show the clean-cut Aryan profile, Western in everything save the tan that generations of sun have given the white skin. To those who realize that for a thousand years the Aryan race has been subject to Semitic and Turkish conquerors, the leading to freedom by Western Aryans should not have become so irksome as a small clique would have us believe. The soldier in the Zouave uniform is a Sikh of the Malwai serving a few years ago in the 15th Sikhs. He belongs to a race known as Jat or Jut, the Getae of history, and the Jutes of Jutland in Kent. They swarmed into Northern India later than the Aryans, and are akin to them. A few hundred thousand accepted the teaching of the Sikh teachers who rose at the time of Martin Luther, a reformed and simple faith, cruelly persecuted by the Moslems, from which they rose again to be a military sect, adopting the title Sikh, or Lion. The word Sikh means disciple, and any race might be a Sikh. When Dhuleep Singh was brought to England as a lad to a mansion in Kent, his friend Colonel Sleeman wrote him: "You will be among your own folk for you are a Jat Sikh and the Men of Kent are Jutes from Jutland," and so it was. The pretty Hindu girl is a Nayar girl from Southern India, a member of a well-to-do folk, who are untouchable to all high-caste Hindus, whose neighbourhood is defilement. Aryan blood in her is little enough, but the rest is probably the older Dravidian. She is comely and desirable, and the attitude of Brahminism to this virile people is bitterly combated. It is one of those questions that to Western minds is hardly intelligible—the position of the sixty million untouchables vis-a-vis orthodox twice-born Hinduism. Staunchly do they petition the British Crown to govern them and stand by them. Last on this side is a picture of quite another people as foreign to India as the Aryan of Europe. He is a merchant prince of Calcutta. A Parsee, one of a people who, preserving the ancient fireworship faith of Zoroaster, fled before militant Islam. They are not a numerous community, and are so staunch one to another that no poor Parsee exists. Their success as traders under the *Pax Britannica* has been phenomenal, and Bombay and the western ports of India are their stronghold. Anxious to revive a long dormant military instinct, they have joined volunteer corps. As supporters of law and order and all stability their value as citizens is great.

NELSON'S LAST HOURS: Did Britannia's War-god Voluntarily Fling Away His Life at Trafalgar!

The latest biography of the greatest sea conqueror the world has ever known draws the conclusion, based on evidence written, stated, and psychological, that Nelson's death was courted by him, was in fact nothing less than an heroic suicide, compassed by the disregard of normal precautions; occasioned by the growing difficulties and entanglements with which he was forced to contend; and achieved in the hour of peril, in the moment, and on the deck, of *Victory*

There is a fascination about the last moments of great men—their final words have just been collected by an industrious hand in a volume which the curious are reading at every turn. Their final acts are of equal moment to the student of the outstanding figures in human history. Perhaps no more compelling case can be evidenced than that of Nelson—the subject of a brilliant volume by George Edinger and E. J. C. Neep, just published by Jonathan Cape. The whole narrative is alive with documented detail, such as the human biographer (and his reader) loves.

It is the last chapter of this volume which has aroused an especial interest. The authors more directly than any of their predecessors challenge Nelson as to his last *personal* act, and his motives for it. The authors summarize their position in these words in a Foreword:

"From the days when he was an unknown midshipman women had fascinated him. His career itself was largely the work of ladies' fingers. At the zenith of his fame he took the wife of an Ambassador for his mistress, and lived with her openly in her husband's house. He sought to enter society with her hanging on his arms. Society repulsed them; and Nelson reeled, bitter and disillusioned, from his first disaster. In his dismay he decided to die, and with a superb sense of the dramatic contrived to become the mark of a French bullet in a battle that was to seal the destiny of Europe.

"Propriety slew him on his own quarter-deck. Since when, a guilty Posterity has preferred to survey him through a telescope, and that telescope held to a blind eye. Except that by a freakish trick of chance, or it may be of Mr. Flaxman, the sculptor, the eyes of the figure in Trafalgar Square are set gazing eternally over the roof of the Admiralty, across the seas, always in the direction of Naples. . . ."

A vivid picture of the final minutes before the victor of the Nile ("We of the Nile") fell, is drawn:

"The drum was beating sharply to quarters and the rhythm of the old familiar air went throbbing through the ship:

'Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men . . .
We'll fight and we'll conquer
Again and again!'

"Then Blackwood spoke his fears. With the *Victory* leading the line, with Nelson conspicuous on her quarter-deck, the danger to the Admiral's life was obvious.

"'At that critical moment I ventured to remind his Lordship of the value of such a life as his. . . . I proposed hoisting his flag in the *Euryalus*, where he could see better what was going on. But he would not hear of it.'

"Nelson had told his brother that he knew the enemy would make a 'special set' at the *Victory*. By putting her at the head of the line he was giving them every chance to do so. And Blackwood spoke urgently of allowing another ship to lead. It was Hardy's opinion, too.

"But Nelson was inflexible. He would not go aboard another vessel as Villeneuve was doing, as he himself had done at Copenhagen; and he would not allow any other ship to displace the *Victory* from the post of greatest danger. He had decided. . . .

"Outside, Dr. Scott, the chaplain, and Mr. Scott, the Admiral's secretary, were discussing the danger Nelson was so clearly courting. Even his clothes invited every French bullet. He was wearing a blue frock coat which bore the four stars of his orders sewn upon it. They were bright and distinct; a perfect mark, a clear guide to the identity of the wearer. Everyone knew, too, that the French did not scruple to place sharpshooters in their tops.

"The ship's doctor, Beatty, was insistent that Nelson must be stopped from exposing himself in this way. He suggested that the stars could be covered by a great coat or even by a handkerchief.

"Dr. Scott thought it would be useless to approach the Admiral in his present humour. 'I would not be the man to mention such a matter to him,' he said.

"But Beatty persisted, and mentioned the danger tactfully when the Admiral came up from his cabin. 'I was never afraid of my honour'; and he went on to the poop. He had decided.

". . . Then, for the only time that day, Nelson spoke frankly: 'God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never speak to you again.'

"And all the while Nelson—conspicuous in his stars—paced steadily up and down the quarter-deck on the side towards the enemy in full sight of the French tops only 15 yards away. Even a young midshipman declared 'he couldn't help being observed by them.'

"At a quarter past one the inevitable happened. As Hardy was turning in his stride he saw Nelson fall. 'They have done for me at last; my backbone is shot through.'

"They carried him down to the cockpit. And at last he covered the decorations with a handkerchief—lest his men should know he was struck. Forty more men had just been brought down. It was like a 'butcher's shambles' down there.

"They took his clothes off, put a sheet over him, laid him on a pallet, propped him up against a rib of the ship, and held him to ease his position. They fanned him. They brought him lemonade.

"'Who is that?' said Nelson. It was very dark down there, only two candles dim in their lanthorns broke the blackness. . . .

"'Ah, Mr. Beatty, you can do nothing for me, I have but a short time to live, my back is shot through. How prophetic you were,' he added, his mind upon his decorations.

"'Doctor, I told you so,' he repeated, this time to Scott, 'Doctor, I am gone.'

"'I have to leave Lady Hamilton and Horatia to my country. Remember me to Lady Hamilton. Remember me to Horatia. . . . Tell Mr. Rose I made a will . . . left Lady Hamilton and Horatia to my country . . . mind what I say.'

"He was in agony and could hardly breathe. He felt 'a gush of blood every minute within his breast.' There was no feeling below his waist. "'I—felt—it—break—my—back,' he gasped . . .

"Still Nelson continued to call feebly through the darkness, 'Drink—drink, fan—fan.' He had asked for Hardy.

"'I suppose, my lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs?'

"The small figure propped up on the floor made a feeble effort to rise and a flash of his real self came back.

"'Not while I live, Hardy; no, do *you* anchor.'

"'And shall we make the signal, sir?'

"'Yes. While I live I anchor.'

"He fell back exhausted. When he next spoke they could hardly hear him.

"'Don't throw me overboard, Hardy.'

"'Oh, no; certainly not.'

"'You know what to do. Take care of dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy . . . poor Lady Hamilton . . . kiss me, Hardy . . . I wish I had not left the deck . . . I have not been a *great* sinner. . . . Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter, Horatia, as a legacy to my country . . . never forget Horatia . . . drink, drink . . . fan, fan . . . rub, rub . . . thank God I have done my duty. . . .'

"And again. It seems certain, nevertheless, that Nelson was obsessed at the time of his departure with the presentiment of death. He told more persons than one that he would not be coming home again, and the deep melancholy which tinges his entries in his journal at this time seems to be due to more than sorrow at leaving Merton, Emma, and Horatia."

A GERMAN NELSON: Herr Conrad Veidt, in the Ufa version of the immortal story of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, at the moment before he is struck down at Trafalgar. The actor's presentation is truer to Nelson's innermost self—melodramatic, torrentially emotional, violently sentimental—than to the conventional correctitude of eighteenth-century etiquette which compelled the admiral to maintain a superficially rigid and inflexible dignity

There is one point to which it is necessary to draw the attention of the reader. The fact that Nelson wore his medals in the manner described is a point not slurred over by previous biographers. In the immediate predecessor to the Edinger-Neep volume, *Nelson*, by C. S. Forester, we find the author stating:—

"Nelson was already on deck; he wore, as he constantly did, his uniform coat with its Orders—the Bath, the Crescent, and the two Neapolitan Orders. He commanded signals for order of sailing and preparation for battle. Then, in his cabin, amid the din the crew made while knocking down bulkheads and clearing for action, he wrote his last prayer in his journal and his last codicil to his will, drawing attention to Emma Hamilton's services to England, and leaving her to the beneficence of her country. He did not pray only by writing in his journal; a junior officer coming hastily through the curtain which had been hung in place of the bulkhead found him on his knees imploring his Maker's forgiveness and help."

Robert Southey writes of his last hours:

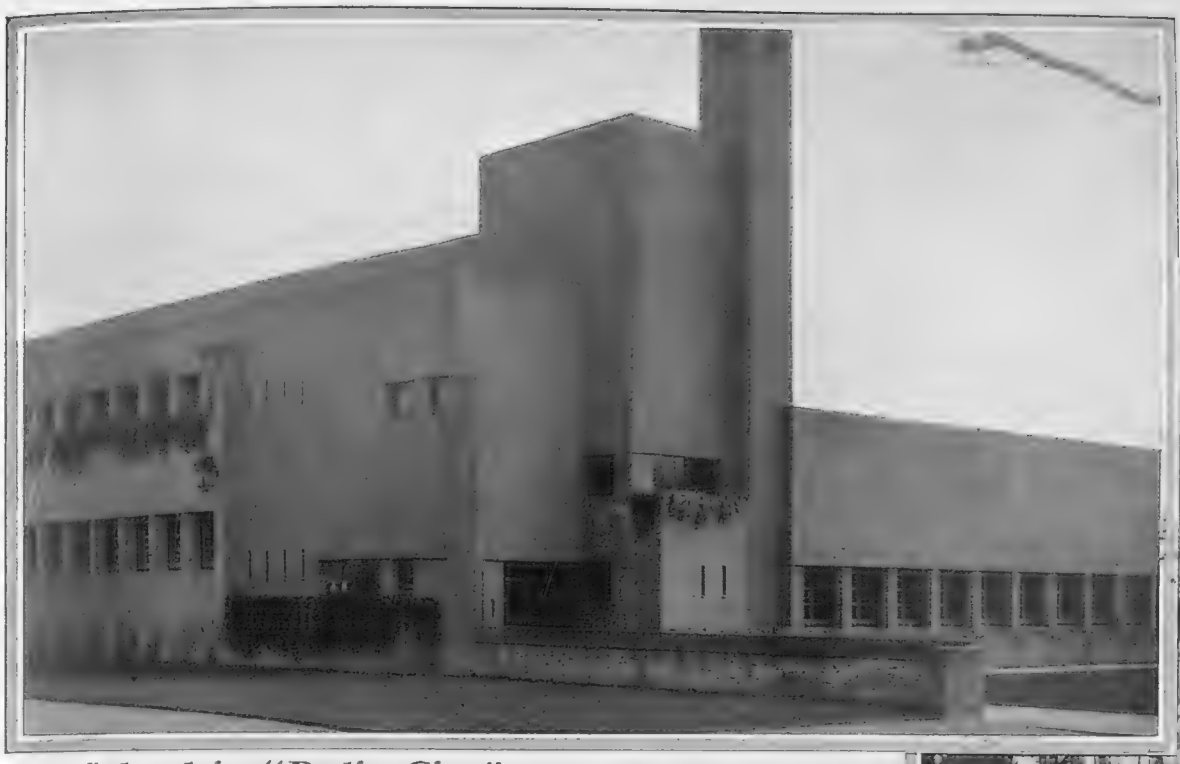
"He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. 'In honour I gained them,' he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, 'And in honour I will die with them.'

"Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned—but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Temeraire* which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders.

"Her tops, like those of all the enemy ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement."

A City Built on PILES

Modern Amsterdam



The School in "Radio City": *The new and extremely modernistic school building at Hilversum, the town where the great wireless station is situated. The corner tower, the chimney, and the schoolrooms are all treated with rigorous simplicity. Mynheer Dudok erected this particular edifice*

A New Hotel in Amsterdam: *Even this structure, destined as it is to appeal to the most Conservative of nations, is being built on the severe geometrical plan so popular on the Continent. The colonnade consists of tapering pillars of concrete*

There is a Dutch popular song which runs:

Heel Amsterdam, die groote stad,
Die is gebouwd op palen!

The English version of which is:

Amsterdam, that mighty town,
Built entirely on piles!

And indeed, this popular song is true to the letter. Only these piles are not visible; they are under the surface, and the soil of this great town is like a subterranean forest; not only in Amsterdam but in all the towns and villages in the *polders* of Holland, where the ground is composed of clay and sand.

It is not so easy to build a house in Holland!

For each building must be "piled," i.e. under each building must be driven a sufficient number of piles till firm ground is reached. And this firm ground is often not found until a depth of fifteen to twenty metres has been reached.

For this reason the Central Station of Amsterdam is built on a large quantity of piles, all of twenty-five metres, driven into the ground by mighty engines . . . and despite this, after some time, the connecting railway dams and some parts of the building itself have given way, so considerable reconstruction is necessary underground, and great blocks of concrete have to be supplied to the foundations.

The piles under the surface, under every house, in every street, also form one reason that no underground railways can be built in Amsterdam, nor in any town of Holland. For it would not be possible to break through the piles under the buildings; the houses on the surface would fall so soon as the underpinning was cut, and, indeed, in several towns there are old houses, not very well "piled," giving way little by little every day.

Besides the long wooden piles they use also piles of *béton* (concrete), but the newest invention is to use for heavy buildings piles of wood with heads of *béton*—the wood rests under and in the ground-water, and the *béton* is not affected by the air, as are, on occasion, the wooden heads of piles.

As a curiosity it must be recorded that the Royal Palace on the Dam, in Amsterdam, erected in 1648–1655 by van Campen, rests on no fewer than 13,659 wooden piles!

The City Built on Piles: *Two impressions of the foundations of all buildings in Amsterdam. The old practice of using wooden piles has been discarded in favour of wooden piles set in concrete trays and topped with concrete, béton as it is called abroad*

LITTLE-KNOWN RA

A Newly-discovered Tribe in Vene

A "CORNSTALK" FROM VENEZUELA: One of the newly-discovered race in Northern South America in the dress adopted for a ritual dance

PAINTED AND POWDERED FOR THE DANCE—but not rouge for the Charleston but ochre for the Tukuya in Venezuela

Desmond Holdridge, a youthful explorer who sailed seven months ago to South America to collect ethnological material and data for the Brooklyn Museum of Art and the American Geographical Society, returned recently with reports of new discoveries. Mr. Holdridge, states that he has found a new tribe in the Venezuelan jungle long thought by anthropologists to be a mythical race. He also reports finding two new rivers, tributaries of the Caroni, and a new mountain range towering 7,000 ft., never before seen by white men. Mr. Holdridge maintains that he was the first white man to set foot in that part of the country which is located in the almost inaccessible Venezuelan jungle. This tribe is named the Pishauko. Their customs differ widely from those of the neighbouring tribes, with which they are continually at war. They resort to self-torture to end sickness, and oddly enough, to divine intercession before a hunting expedition. So fierce is this tribe, that when Mr. Holdridge announced his intention of going in and meeting them, all but three of his native guides left him

BROUGHT UP ON THE BOTTLE: Shoka, a baby Sykes separated from its mother it bade fair to perish. It wa Boulton feeding it with a baby's bottle, with results

BUILDING HIS HOUSE: A jackass penguin in Africa with construct Rudyerd Boulton Camera

ACES of EAST and WEST

Venezuela, and Tribes in Central Africa

kes monkey captured by the Boulton Expedition, was so young that, was, therefore, carefully tended by members of the Expedition, Mrs. lts highly satisfactory both to the captors and to Shoka himself

ctional materials for his nest borne in his beak. A new picture obtained by the era Expedition to Central Africa

AN IMPROVISED SUNSHADE: A Kaffir woman carrying, like a redskin, her baby on her back, shelters it from the sun beneath a gourd

Bringing a large collection of birds, including species unknown to science, from the mountains of Central Africa, together with native musical instruments of the Africans, phonographic records of their folklore, and an extensive collection of fish, reptiles, amphibians, mammals, insects, and molluscs, totalling many thousands of specimens, Mr. and Mrs. Rudyerd Boulton returned recently from a thirteen months' expedition to Africa. Spending the first eight months of the expedition under the patronage of Mrs. Oscar S. Straus, widow of the former American ambassador to Turkey, for the American Museum of Natural History, the party proceeded up the Nile to its head-waters and across Uganda and Kenya by motor to Mombassa, where Mrs. Straus left the party. Mr. and Mrs. Boulton then proceeded with the remainder of the party from Mombassa by motor and safari through Central Africa, Tanganyika, Nyasaland, Southern Rhodesia, and South Africa, on an expedition for the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburg, where Mr. Boulton is assistant curator of birds

AN ELEPHANT TRACKER OF THE MASAI: The curiously corded hair and the mutilated ear are typical of his race

MILLER *and* FARMER

Drawn by C. Walter Hodges

Under the Quota Plan 15 per cent. of British grain would have to be taken by the British miller

The Daily Newspapers are full of References to "The Quota Plan" and "The Import Board Plan" with Relation to Agriculture — Two Obscure Phrases Explained Below by

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Within the last few weeks both General Seely and Sir Josiah Stamp have declared that we are confronted with an economic crisis which cannot be dealt with along Party lines, but which demands some kind of *union sacrée*. The Liberal Party Report on Unemployment speaks of the "national emergency," and condemns the Government for not taking bolder action. While admitting that our difficulties are not peculiar to ourselves it continues by saying that "we have to recognize that in meeting them our great continental rivals have displayed, as a whole, a clearer realization of the necessities of the case; and a greater spirit of sacrifice than Britain." In a pamphlet just published Lord d'Abernon denounces "supine expectancy." The doctors who tell the patient that he is very ill are many. Some make a laudable attempt at a diagnosis. What is required is some agreement upon the remedy.

On certain points, however, opinion shows signs of consolidation concerning the remedy required. Something of that *tempo* of national life which was shown during the War, something of the same willingness to consider without prejudice even the most far-reaching and fundamental experiments, provided only that they will effect their end, appears to be demanded. The renewal of prosperity depends in large measure upon the evocation of a corporate spirit prepared to surmount difficulties and this, again, upon a radical change of outlook and methods. On these matters there is growing agreement. The question is: "What change of method?"

It is not perhaps observable that there is much change of method in the age-old fight between Free Trader and Tariff Reformer. Still the ruin of the farmer and of home industries is pointed out on the one hand; still the probability of increased prices to the consumer, of gains made by speculating middlemen, of injury to our export trade, and to prosperity by the raising of tariff walls is urged upon the other. The feeling is increasing that we should rid ourselves of the old slogans, and that the whole matter of the regulation of trade should be examined afresh. Liberals will admit that protective measures are required against "dumping." Conservatives will admit that Free Trade is the ultimate ideal. But what is "dumping" and under-cutting? And—since we do not live in the future—what is to be done in present practice?

What our answer will be, must, in the present condition of our economic life, largely turn upon what relative importance we attach to our trade with foreign countries as compared with the home market and inter-Imperial trade. There is every indication that the way this question is going to be answered will cut across party lines. If trade comes first, and the trade which especially has to be considered is our export trade, then it will be mistaken to risk, for example, our market in the Argentine by entering upon commitments to the Dominions. Our task will be to import raw materials cheaply, keep prices and costs down, and to export cheaply.

If, however, we believe that our strength lies in the development by our own industries of our home market we shall look upon the matter with other eyes. No country has followed the policy of developing the home market more successfully than the United States which only exports 8 per cent. of its products. If, however, the United States had a population as large proportionately as this island it would be larger than the present population of the world. In this small island with its immense population there can be no independence of imports paid for by exports. The only adequate "home market" is that of the whole Commonwealth. If we are to go through a peculiarly difficult period of economic reconstruction here, we may well look with especially friendly eyes upon British countries which will not endeavour to steal a march on us in our difficulties and whose standard of living is a guarantee against their under-cutting our standard. The problem becomes one of Commonwealth economic planning.

The first fact to be faced is that 30 per cent. of Great Britain's production is for export. The legacy of Free Trade is not something of which we can rid ourselves overnight without guarantees in exchange. The recent history, however, of this export trade is not a happy one. Amid the bristle of statistics it is not easy to choose figures. Mr. Loveday, in a recent number of *The Economist*, has supplied a feast of them for those who have the appetite. The matter is perhaps best put briefly by saying that, while world production has been increasing, the British share of the export market has fallen from almost 14 per cent. in 1913 to 11.2 per cent. in 1928. Moreover we are maintaining our position best in those markets which have been least progressive. This decline must not be assigned exclusively or even chiefly to industrial inefficiency and bad marketing. Nationalism, the development of home production by countries once importing, increased competition in what is left of the export field are major factors. It is natural enough, therefore, that we should find the brightest spot amid the economic gloom in our returns of trade with peoples of our own nationality.

This is in fact the case. The exports of the United Kingdom to Europe, excluding Russia, in 1901 stood at £62,000,000, and in 1927 at £120,000,000, or an advance from an index figure of 100 to 194. Exports to the Empire stood in 1901 at £88,000,000, and in 1927 at £247,000,000, or an advance from 100 to 281. Similarly striking are comparisons of exports to Scandinavia with those to Canada, or (astonishing *per capita* consumption) of exports to S. America with those to Australia and New Zealand.

It seems then probable that one of the most satisfactory methods of setting about the remedy of the present national crisis is that of building up a domestic market within the network of international trade and agreements, but insulated from the shock of low-standard competition by intimate trade arrangements with the Dominions and perhaps with other high-standard countries. Conservative and Socialist agree upon the necessity of excluding competition of sweated goods. In the specific field of agriculture such very different people as Lieut.-Colonel E. A. Ruggles-Brise, M.P., and Mr. E. F. Wise, M.P., agree that something must be done for the home producer, and if Colonel Ruggles-Brise will guarantee the farmer 55s. the quarter for wheat, Mr. E. F. Wise will at least guarantee him 50s. The trouble begins when we come to the question of how precisely these guarantees are to be given.

Besides the system of imperial preferences, about which there was a measure of agreement, and the tariff proposals which the present Government declined to countenance, there were two other major suggestions of trade regulation before the recent Imperial Conference. These suggestions were for the establishment of Import Boards and for the introduction of a Quota system. Both systems were primarily discussed in connection with wheat, but would also be applicable to other goods.

Neither of these projects could be described as either orthodox Free Trade or orthodox Protectionism. Indeed, Mr. Baldwin, who sponsored the quota proposal, declared in this connection that "no tariff which we could recommend would be sufficient of itself to solve the problems of the wheat producer in this country." Mr. MacDonald could have said no more. Both proposals could appropriately be described as "regulationist." Regulation, in some shape or other, for grain has been adopted in Norway, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, and Spain. In the United States the activities, to protect the farmer, of the Federal Farm Board, an independent body, have been more indirect and primarily concerned with marketing.

The Import Board Plan, as proposed in *Labour and the Nation*, and energetically advocated by Mr. E. F. Wise, a brilliant assistant of Lord Rhondda at the late Ministry of Food, is designed to benefit the consumer, thanks to economies from bulk-purchases, stabilization of prices, rationalization and elimination of unnecessary middlemen. It is practically exemplified, with some significant differences, by the Norwegian Corn Monopoly. The calculation is, further, that the economies should be such as to permit the Government, without raising the price of the loaf, to guarantee a price for British wheat to the farmer which shall, temporarily at least, be above the world-price. Although no part of Mr. Wise's proposal, this plan as adapted by Sir Oswald Mosley would provide a means by which advantage could be given to the Dominions, in a general system of Commonwealth economic planning, without loss to the home consumer. It would be more elastic than a system of statutory tariffs with preferences.

The Quota Plan would involve the setting up of a Statutory Commission which would determine, either from month to month (as recently in Germany), or over longer periods, the quota of wheat which British millers would be compelled to take from our farmers. A guaranteed price would be paid by the miller to the farmer, and the difference between the guaranteed price and the world price would be refunded, in effect as a subsidy to farming, by the Government. At present about 13 per cent. of the wheat utilized in these islands is grown there. It is thought that the United Kingdom percentage could immediately be raised to 15 per cent. It would not, of course, be necessary for every mill to grind 15 per cent. Mills grinding more could exchange certificates with mills grinding less than this average. It is further suggested that a quota should be fixed for Empire wheat, the Home and Empire quotas together ultimately rising to as much as 85 per cent. or 90 per cent. of the whole, instead of the present 57 per cent. Even a rise to 66 per cent. would bring a profit to the Dominions of £15,000,000. Free competition would, however, exist between the Dominions to fill this quota, and no guaranteed price, but only a guaranteed market, would be given to the Dominion farmer. Since Dominion wheat would be purchasable on any exchange in the world market, it is contended that no attempt could successfully be made artificially to raise, in view of the guarantee, the price of Dominion wheat. Control, it may be added, to be effective, would have to be extended also to flour.

Here then are two concrete proposals for consolidating Commonwealth economic unity. Lord Brentford and Mr. E. F. Wise appear to be at one in disliking the second plan. Dr. Addison likes both. Nor is it perhaps clear why they should not be combined. The chief objection to Import Boards is against the State's direct intervention in business, with its complications industrial and diplomatic. The chief objection to the Quota is that, although it gives a guarantee and indeed a subsidy (for which taxpayers must pay) to the producer, it inadequately protects the consumer. It may also be urged that the future of British farming does not lie in wheat. A Farm Board which not only determined seasonally the quotas but stood behind the private importer, enabling him to take maximum advantage of a good year, which acted as a stabilization corporation against foreign speculation, and which encouraged the proportionate development of British agriculture, would appear to offer the maximum of advantage. More elastic than tariffs it would yet seem to impose the minimum of interference consistent with the policy of protecting the consumer, encouraging the home farmer, and promoting the closer integration of the Commonwealth.

Whether this policy of integration is itself sound, as was said at the beginning of this article, is the first question which everyone has to decide in his own mind who is seriously seeking a way out of the present economic troubles.

JANUARY *on the* COUNTRYSIDE

Pictures from the Provinces of England

"KING CANUTE" GRASS FOR A SEA WALL: Rice grass has been planted on the Essex mud-flats that its fibrous roots may form a barrier against the encroachments of the sea. It is hoped to deal with 30,000 or 40,000 acres in this fashion, following the success of the plantation of 14 acres at Hadleigh, near Southend

CLEARING THE UNDERGROWTH OF EPPING FOREST: An employee of the Epping Forest Commissioners carries away the cut out undergrowth on a sleigh. *Inset above on right*—REVIVING ENGLAND'S WINDMILLS: The famous Tuttle Hill windmill at Nuneaton which has been completely re-designed and is now turning twelve sacks an hour. "There is apparently no reason why England's windmills ever want out of use" says Mr. Thomas Wright, the owner, who has fitted a device to open and close the sails at the touch of a lever. With other innovations, which enable the mill to operate in the slightest wind and to be thoroughly safe in a gale, the original faults of windmills have been overcome. Tuttle Hill windmill is the only five-sail mill at present working

TREASURES *of* OLD ENGLAND

Notable Discoveries in Titchfield and Westminster Abbey

TILES OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY: Glazed and inlaid tiles, dating back six centuries, have been discovered during excavations at Titchfield Abbey

W. A. Clark

TREASURES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The Norman foundations discovered below the nave, which have been identified as a portion of the nave of the church of St. Edward the Confessor. One portion of the stonework is believed to be the plinth of the western door built under the king who left England to Norman William. Inset above on left *is one of the Censing Angels in the spandrel below the Rose Window. The reproduction of the companion figure to this, which was published in the issue of January 17 (last week) has attracted so much attention that we present this picture also. The modelling of the feet is especially noteworthy. The bosses in the centre—one an heraldic beast, the other girdled in grace with a triformed wimple—are two bosses in the north ambulatory triforium recently cleaned*

AN IMPORTATION FROM ENGLAND TO BELGIUM: One of the candlesticks in the cathedral of Ghent. They are locally reputed to have come from St. Paul's, but two of them were in point of fact brought from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, whence they disappeared during the Restoration. Twin replicas of the originals have been presented to St. George's by the King and Queen in memory of their respective parents

LIVING AEROPLANES

Amazing Studies of Dragon-flies

Insects of an hour, larvæ of a month:
Studies of the emergence of a dragon-fly

The larvæ of the dragon-fly live in the water, while the breeding insect lives in the air. The larva, equipped with piscine gills, through which it breathes, concentrates entirely on feeding. After it is satiated, animation is suspended in the pupa form, during which period, which lasts for many months, a radical change of organism takes place and a new form is brought into being. As the energies of the larva are entirely concentrated on food, the energies of the fully-developed insect are entirely concentrated on the reproduction of its kind; and while the embryo lives for months, even on occasion for years, the life of the dragon-fly itself is counted at most in days, and usually in hours, for it dies having once fulfilled its function. On the left above is seen one of the species *Libellulidæ* boring its way through the shell of the nymph, the final stage of the larva, before it flies off for its crowded hour of glorious life. On the right above is an example of the species *Calopteryx virgo*. In order that the fully-developed insect may raise itself free and unhindered into the air the nymph climbs up a water plant and wanders about towards the bank where, when the moment arrives, the dragon-fly emerges to dry its wings and fly away to make brilliant the countryside for a day

Lindbergh and the "Spirit of St. Louis" of the Insect World:
A remarkable study taken by flashlight of a cicada nymph being whirled through the night past phantom flowers by a dragon-fly

COINCIDENCE *and* CURIOSITY

And Pope in Five Languages

By CECIL ROBERTS

One of the most vital aspects of the American character is its communicativeness. You can travel a hundred miles in an English train and not exchange a word with your fellow-man, though I was once attacked by Lady Oxford and Asquith for being a dumb traveller. But the American, in common with the Latin race, hates a silence. There are only two nations that are quiet and reserved, the English and the German. Twenty years of travel on the European continent have taught me that, Germany and Sweden apart, there is no such thing as a quiet place. I write these lines in Nice where from early morning to the next morning open exhausts, mouths, windows, the incessant clanging of trams and pipping of motor horns impress upon me, once more, that the Latin races have no ear-drums.

I am tempted to add, with reference to Nice, that they have no nasal organs. As an inhabitant of Venice I am accustomed to hearing that city maligned as smelly, which it is not, except down the back canals. One mile of the promenade of Nice provides a greater variety of bad smells than any other walk in Europe. They have doubled the width of the promenade which, for splendour of layout and setting, has no rival in the world, Naples and Rio de Janeiro included. If only they would carry the drains farther out to sea. Once upon a time I had a flat on this Promenade des Anglais, with a magnificent panorama over the Bay. I was particularly pleased by the presence of a flock of seagulls that always hovered on the sea before me. I remarked on this one day when a kindly Niçois took me aside and explained why the birds hovered there! Yet I come back here year after year, hoping something will be done. Meanwhile there seems to be a conspiracy of silence on this unsalubrious subject.

But to return to the American character. I wish the gentleman who writes to me in a large hand on an immense sheet of paper would sign his name or give his address. He is a constant SPHERE reader, and his comments on this page are most agreeable and informative. Unlike other correspondents from his country he refrains from embarrassing questions. This week I have been asked to fill in a sheet for the edification of a class of students in a Middle West university who have chosen me "this month" as their representative "great man"! Before my greatness wanes I am asked to confess to my age, my tastes, my weakness, the colour I prefer, whether I am pure English, why I took to writing, how much it has brought me in, whether I have difficulty in finding ideas, whether I dictate to a typewriter (male or female), my religious beliefs, and—

At this last question I kicked. What kind of paper do I write on, white, cream, block, book, or loose sheets? To this is added a supplementary query. Do I count the words by sheets, quartos, or blocks?

There is, of course, a commercial side to literature. My friend Michael Joseph wrote a book on the subject, an omnibus book, over six hundred pages long. Authors, when they gather together, have been heard to discuss advances, royalties, sales, and the astonishing modesty of their publishers—who will not advertise. But I have never succeeded in wringing out of my fellow authors the really dark secret of their lives—the kind of paper they write on, the method of counting their words.

Now it happens that one of my hobbies is the collection of coincidences. I believe I have as remarkable and incredible a gallery as any man living. The American questionnaire arrived at Cannes on the evening that I was one of the guests of Lord and Lady Trent at their charming villa. My hostess, the most hospitable on this hospitable Riviera, had gathered s together for a New Year's party. In the large hall we listened to a choir of Russians, workers on the P.L.M. Railway at La Bocca by day, and choristers, marshalled by an ex-colonel of the late Tsar's crack cavalry corps, by night. Their singing had all the melancholy of the Russian steppes, and there was a memory of far-off unhappy things in their most humorous songs.

Listening, I fell into a reverie, and began to wonder what was the life story, what were the vicissitudes, of each of these unfortunates driven forth into exile, aristocrats most of them, sentenced by poverty to daily labour, singing in their spare hours to provide furniture for the barracks in which they now lived on communal lines. It was at this moment that my hand, roving in my pocket, found the questionnaire that I had hurriedly crammed away while dressing. My mind then made a complete circle of the years connected by coincidence.

A few minutes earlier, in one of the rooms of this house, I had talked a short time with one of the most remarkable, certainly one of the most heroic figures of the age. Not Heine writing his poems, a prisoner on his mattress, could compare in fortitude with my host, Lord Trent. Sixty years ago he began to build up the great business of Boots Cash Chemists.

Thirty years ago, as a boy, I had seen him daily carried, sitting in his chair, to conduct his immense enterprise. Paralysis had seized him, but the brain went marching on. At seventy the enemy appeared to have captured every outpost, but with a grand gesture he built for his native city, where Charles I had raised his Standard and General William Booth had first rattled a tambourine, a University, and gave it £250,000, in celebration of "seventy years of a happy life." And now, when I had spoken to him, the old warrior, aged eighty-one, prone on his mattress, with nothing left but the ability to move his lips, recalled an incident in my boy's life, and recited some lines he had learned in his far-off youth. He had nothing in his voice or speech but good cheer. Yet there was not a Russian exile singing in his hall but was rich in comparison, in the blessed possession of freedom and health. The emotion choking me as I left that heroic presence was not pity but admiration of the illimitable heroism of man.

And what had all this to do with the questionnaire in my pocket? Thirty years ago, in that same city where my host had begun his career, a small boy walked into one of his shops and bought a sixpenny manuscript pad. Tremendously ambitous, he started to scribble. Since then I cannot compute how many millions of words he has written. Many of them have made only a short journey across the floor of the shop, from the stationery department on to the shelves of Boots Booklovers' Library. The habit of years has become fixed. The pads, with the rise in the cost of living, have risen to ninepence but, thank heaven, they hold the same number of lines and the same number of sheets! So that when I have filled 500 of them I have completed a book as long as the patience of my readers will endure, and when I have filled seven of them I have finished my labour on this page.

Thus it was, listening to Russian exiles in the hall of a villa at Cannes, my wandering mind reflected on the coincidence of my presence in the house of the man whose enterprise had provided me with writing pads, while the nature of this aid to composition had aroused the curiosity of some American youths, who had sent forth the inquisitive sheet in my jacket pocket.

One of my first excursions in a foreign city is to the second-hand bookshops. Thus it was that, browsing among some musty old shelves in a shop under the galleries of the Place Massena at Nice, I came upon a little leather-bound volume entitled *Essai sur L'Homme*. Wondering what Pope was doing in exile, I opened the book and found that it was his celebrated poem "en cinq langues, savoir: Anglois, Latin, Italien, François et Allemand." The book was delightfully printed at Strasbourg, dated 1772. The price was ten francs. So for little more than eighteenpence I bore off Pope, in five languages, bound in calf leather.

Examination of my purchase revealed unexpected delights. Printed at a hand press, paper and type are something we can know no more. A typographical friend of mine tells me that none of our modern books will be legible in a hundred years. The paper will have crumbled, the type faded, the binding split: mass production and wood pulp doom the modern writer to a brief existence even if he survives the "remainder merchant." This copy of Pope has a lovely title-page in two colours, but even more lovely are the typographical decorations at the head and tail of each chapter. What dead and forgotten artist carved so beautifully these arabesques, these convolutions of sun and stars, flowers and cherubs? Not one of them is repeated but always there is a central symbol, the crown.

I have no other clue than that the book was printed "à Strasbourg de l'Imprimerie de Jonas Lorenz," as the last page announces. The symbol of the crown becomes clear on the title-page.

HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE, Pope's four epistles to whom, translated into four languages, are mentioned on this page

Just as to-day Cassell's imprint their *Belle Sauvage* and Heinemann their Nicholson *Windmill*, so it is clear that "à Strasbourg, chez Amand König, Libraire," Monsieur King took his symbol from his name. So on the title page we see stars and birds in flight around a crown, over the initials "A. K.," and on the last page two delightful puffy-faced cherubs regard the magnificent fleur-de-lys-imposed crown.

A book, however, is primarily important for its contents, so I turned to see how Alexander Pope had fared in five languages. In English he had not suffered in any way in his "four epistles to H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke."

Awake, my St. John! Leave all meaner things
To Low ambition, and the pride of Kings.

I next turned to the Latin and was at once arrested by the bold translation of "my St. John." Without the slightest hesitation the true function of Lord Bolingbroke is characterised—

Surge age! Mæcenas, misere quos vexat a urget

it begins. Leaving Mæcenas in Latin at the hands of Jo. Joach. Gottlob am-Ende, "theologiæ doctorem et antistitem sacorum apud Dresdenses," I hurried from the labours of the learned doctor of Dresden anxious to see what had happened to my Lord Bolingbroke in flowery Italian. Surely he became nothing less than "illustrissimo Signore"? But Cavaliere Anton-Filippo Adami must have been an original fellow.

Risvegliate Signore, e al volgo ignaro

he begins—nothing but a mere Signore! Even still more surprising was the nature of the verse. Dr. Gottlob had expressed himself in "carmine heroico." In Italian, being the most rhymeable language in the world, I expected at least couplets, if not *terza rima*. The Cavaliere scorned such an easy conquest. True to the opening line "al volgo ignaro," his verse disdains all the artifice of jingling rime, and in *versi sciotti* he journeys to the end.

With the French version of "M. l'Abbé du Resnel, membre de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres," my St. John, erstwhile Mæcenas and Signore, enters into his full dignity.

Sors de l'enchantement, Milord,
laisse au vulgaire

begins Monsieur l'Abbé, and goes gaily on in Alexandrine couplets.

Lastly, we come to Herr Heinrich Christian Kretsch who gives us his version of "Der Mensch, ein philosophisches Gedicht." The German translator rejects St. John, since he does not fit the metre, but does not translate the noble lord into a Mæcenas, a signore, or a milord.

Auf Bolingbrok! und lass der Ehrsucht, lass
dem Prinzen

begins mein Heinrich. There is no beating about the bush there. Auf Bolingbrok! and from that moment on he hammers into Bolingbrok's ears his heavy rhymes, right up to that delightful end when the two puffy-cheeked cherubs look towards their—or their printer's—crown.

I have no means of knowing how much Amand König, publisher of Strasburg, asked for this charming polyglot Essay on Man. It must be sad for him to know that I bought it, leather-bound, for ten francs. But I think he was an artist, and loved to print good books, and I hope it will console him that, after unknown migrations, his work will take an honoured place on my shelves.

Books worthy of serious consideration

Bring 'Em Back Alive, *by Frank Buck and Edward Anthony* **(Gollancz. 16s. net).**—For 18 years Mr. Frank Buck has been collecting animals for various zoos and circuses. His adventures (illustrated) make enthralling reading including, as they do, a hand-to-hand fight with an orang-utan!

My 80 Years, *by Robert Blatchford* **(Cassell. 10s. 6d. net).**—The unconventional autobiography of one of the most astonishing figures British journalism has produced—the creator of the I.L.P. who, in contradistinction to many of his comrades, was an ardent patriot.

Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring," done into blank verse by *Lieut.-Col. Sir Reginald Rankin, Bt.* **(John Lane, the Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net).**—A well-produced volume of by no means unmeritorious, blank verse, which descends but seldom into bathos although its heights, lyric or epic, are equally rare.

By Guess—and by God, *by William Guy Carr* **(Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net).**—The history of the exploits of the most secret and silent branch of the Senior and Silent Service during the War—the British Submarines. The heroic adventures are vividly told. A book to own, to give your boys to read, and to read yourself.

"SONG OF THE DRUM"

Special "Sphere" Instantaneous Pictures of the New Musical Spectacle at Drury Lane

MISUNDERSTANDING: The Colonel (Mr. George Bishop) informs Captain Darrell (Mr. Derek Oldham) that he will be cashiered for treason, to the dismay of the heroine (Miss Helen Gilliland)

A PRECARIOUS POSE: Miss Cicely Courtneidge in one of the most amusing scenes of *Folly to be Wise* at the Piccadilly Theatre—the burlesque acrobatic performance which brings down the house

AN EFFECTIVE CHORUS NUMBER: The fan dance in the mess, in which the ladies of the chorus make great play with their ostrich feather plumes

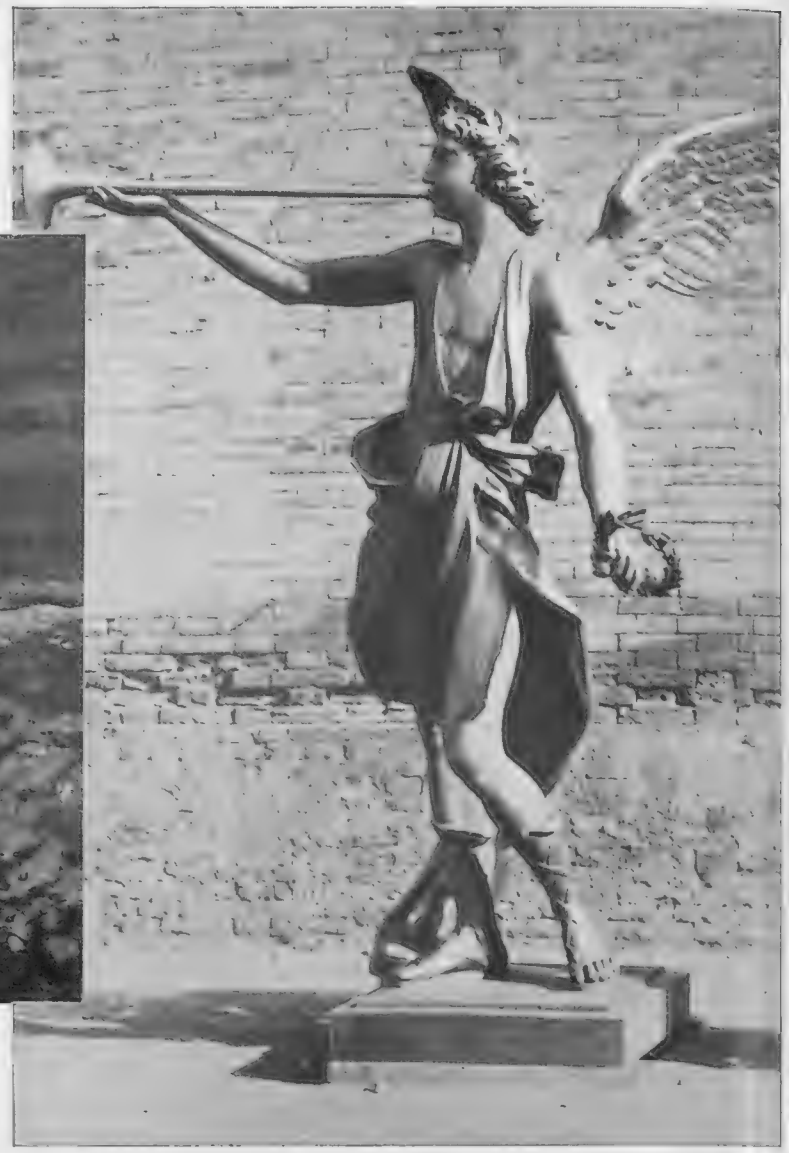
THE HOUSE WITH THE RED DOOR: A scene in the native quarter of the capital of Huzbania, an Oriental Ruritania, under British suzerainty. In the centre is the dais on which the beauties are exhibited by the merchants to their potential purchasers. The number of galleries and the use made of them is remarkable; for members of the cast run from one to the other despite the difference in level. One of the most amusing scenes is played in this set

The production of "The Song of the Drum" is on a more elaborate scale than any yet staged at Drury Lane, and entails the most careful co-ordination. It must be remembered that Drury Lane has not a revolving stage, and yet big changes are made according to stage direction: "Black out. Curtain rises immediately." One of the changes is from the Polo Ground, with its five huge marquees, to Captain Tony Darrell's bungalow. Another is from the bungalow to "The House of the Red Door." This latter scene is mainly built off stage on two vast trucks. It is three storeys high, and there are people already in position on each storey. The trucks—larger than any previously used at the Lane—are 30 ft. high by 30 ft. long by 15 ft. 6 in. deep. Each truck needs thirty men to move it

ART of EAST and WEST

Notable Achievements in the World of Art

A HIGHLAND STREAM by GEORGE HOUSTON, R.S.A.: This delightful piece of atmosphere is on exhibition at the house of Lady Noble, 43, Portland Place. Lady Noble is holding the first London exhibition of this Scottish artist, the vicinity of whose home, on Loch Fyne, has provided him with many of his subjects. Mr. Houston's masterly technique in oils is seen in this exhibition, but he has an equal facility in water-colour



"SOUND THE LOUD TRUMPET": One of the allegorical figures for the monument to the great Latin-American liberator, Simon Bolivar, soon to be unveiled in Bogota, Colombia. The history of this astounding figure of the early nineteenth century is practically unknown even to the educated people of England, but he cast the Spanish power out of Venezuela and Colombia, and, later, Ecuador and Peru, making himself a republican dictator of these States

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG PRINCE PAINTING: A miniature lent to the Persian Exhibition by M. E. Tabbagh, Paris, believed to be a copy by Bizhad, after an original of Gentill Bellini. It comes from the Doucet Collection

THE PRINCE AND THE PHILOSOPHER: One of the examples of the modern school of miniature painters of Tehran in the Persian Art Exhibition at Burlington House. It is signed Mirza Nurullah, and measures 30 by 18 centimetres. Lent by Mr. A. Cecil Edwards, it well typifies the marked influence exerted by the West on the art of the East

The WORLD of WOMEN

A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

TOYS *for* GROWN-UPS

Unlike her Victorian ancestor the modern woman is always young. Long after nursery days are forgotten she still loves quaint and amusing dolls and toys, and even a casual glance at the whimsical and amusing animal caricatures on this page will prove how fascinating are the latest boudoir pets and mascots, which have been made for her pleasure.

They are all cleverly designed by a modern artist, and even the most sophisticated and serious-minded woman will find it hard to resist the charms of the graceful borzoi or the dainty pekinese

The animals, though caricatured, are really true to nature, for the borzoi's coat is soft and silky, but the Scotch terrier boasts a stiff grey coat.

All the animals are made on a flexible foundation and can be made to assume many grotesque attitudes.

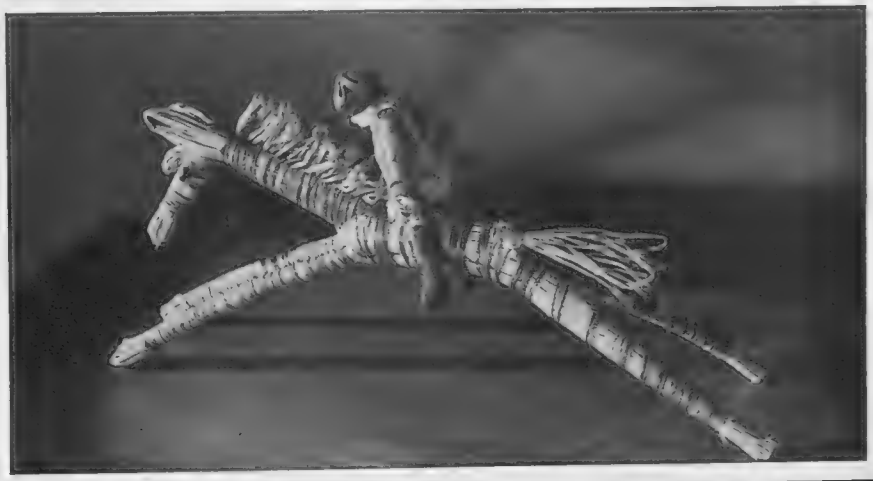
Entirely different, but equally clever, are the horses which are made of raffia and straw. The sense of action and speed which these animals suggest is really amazing. The race-horse is going full out, and if he stays the course he should be first home.

E. H. Shand

No licence is required for either of these dogs. The stiff grey hair of the Scotch terrier makes him very realistic. From Marshall and Snelgrove

Monkeys must climb! The photographer has caught these red-faced baboons in characteristic attitudes. From Marshall and Snelgrove—the large monkey costs 7s. 6d. and the smaller one 4s. 6d.

Is it to be peace or war between the borzoi and the comical cat with the white satin face? They cost 7s. 6d. each and come from Marshall and Snelgrove



A sense of action is suggested by the attitude of this horse and his intrepid rider. 1s. 6d. Marshall and Snelgrove

KEEP *your* BRIDGE-SET *up-to-date*

To-day almost everybody plays bridge and enjoys the game—with reason, too, for in bridge the elements of chance and skill are almost in perfect balance. This balancing of chance and skill probably accounts for the rapidity with which bridge has become THE game both in this country and America.

With the certainty that one's guests will be most pleasantly and happily entertained at bridge, the host or hostess needs only to supply the requisites of the game. These are so few in number and so simple that they make a bridge party one of the easiest ways of entertaining. The right equipment is, however, essential.

Tables on which to play should be firm and steady, and not too large. The newest of these are made of metal. They have frames that are all steel and tops that are backed with wood and covered with a waterproof material resembling leather.

They can be procured in almost any colour. One especially striking table is finished in Chinese red touched with black. The top of the table is covered with a Chinese red leatherette decorated with black and gold at the four corners.

Other attractive colour schemes in these metal tables are a deep blue framework combined with a gold and black table top; a midnight blue combined with a maroon and blue top; ashes of roses or beige with matching brocade top; pale green with a jade green and dull gold top.

Unlike the earlier bridge tables, the tops on these metal tables are removable. When the covering becomes worn or shabby, the top may be removed from the framework and re-covered. The frame itself can be repainted and, if desired, the entire colour scheme changed.

The collapsible wooden bridge-tables are somewhat less expensive than the all-steel ones. They can be obtained in any wood to match one's living-room suite.

The proper chairs for playing bridge are just as important as the right tables. Chairs that are uncomfortable will spoil the pleasure of the game, and chairs that are too comfortable may end it altogether.

The average living-room chair is both too large and too comfortable. Small dining-room chairs are not too large, and if made with upholstered seats are sufficiently comfortable.

More appropriate are the collapsible chairs especially designed for bridge playing. They are now made to match the folding tables. They can be purchased in sets, consisting of one table and four chairs.

The chairs to match the steel tables are made of all steel with upholstered seats and backs. Sharp corners are eliminated, and both seat and back curve gracefully. The upholstery on the chairs matches the covering on the top of the tables, while the metal frames of the chairs and tables are painted alike.

In the way of cards one must have the right equipment. A torn or soiled pack of cards is always irritating to the good player. Cards with a highly polished linen finish, brightened with a gilt edge, look better, shuffle better, and last longer than the cheaper grade of cards. Such cards, when they do become slightly soiled, are readily washable. To be restored to newness they need only be wiped over with a damp cloth.

Pencils and score pads are, of course, always essential. Trump indicators are a great help, especially to the beginner. Pencils are now made with clubs, hearts, spades, and diamonds decorating them, but the really important thing about them is that they be sharp and have an eraser attached.

For a progressive game, pencils with the table number marked on them are practical. But pencils have a habit of rolling away, and for this reason those which are square or triangular, or which fit into a stand of some sort, are to be recommended.

A combined pencil holder and trump indicator can now be bought. Both are attached to a small round disc, which stands at one corner of the table. The really efficient hostess will discover, however, that a pencil with a long string tied to one leg of the table will serve just as well and will never roll on the floor or topple over or be lost.

For anyone who plays bridge frequently in her own home, the perfectly plain score pads, which can be bought by the dozen, are advisable. If something more elaborate is desired, score pads backed by charming or amusing figures are available. For contract bridge an automatic scorer, which gives the amount scored by means of a revolving paper disc, will be welcomed by anyone who loathes mathematics.

Many quaint devices are featured in the form of trump indicators.

One has a funny little brass chicken on it, which, when turned, indicates the trump in an opening on the disc. The most practical seen recently, however, consists of futuristic design in red, black, and green celluloid, with two revolving celluloid wheels, which indicate both what are trumps and the number of trumps bid.

A WHITE SALE

Bargain hunters will find a splendid field for their activities in the showrooms of the Galeries Lafayette (Regent St., W.), where the White Sale commences at the beginning of next month. A Sale Catalogue will be sent on request but a personal visit is to be recommended, and it will be the early birds who will secure the best of the bargains. Household equipment, including sheets, pillow-cases, table linen, etc., is obtainable in linen, cotton and union, in prices which are almost unbelievable, while in the Lingerie Department the daintiest French underwear is marked down to figures within reach of the leanest purse

Giving CHARACTER *to a* HOUSE

By

BASEDEN BUTT

No matter where and on what scale one would live, a problem which often has to be solved is how to make an old house presentable, how to impart a modern and really tasteful character. The most difficult to deal with are not the *very* old house—not those which date back to the eighteenth century,

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

consider whether it is possible to instal any modern built-in features, and what their character should be. Sometimes built-in bookshelves and cupboards beside the chimney-breast, or a built-in dressing-table in the bedroom, or a niche for the display of old china or carved jade, or a built-in settee in lounge or bedroom, can not only give great distinction and comfort, but can effect more than anything else towards making the room seem modern.

As regards the actual wall-treatment there are many alternatives. One of the most simple and practical methods is to line the walls with figured oak or walnut plywood, at the same time using plywood to box in the mouldings to the ceilings.

Sometimes the effect of a magic transformation may be worked by using modern paints—water paint in delicate tones, or oil paint scumbled and tinted with transparent glaze in harmonizing and contrasting tones, one colour merging imperceptibly into the other, or fading from a dark tone to a light one from skirting to cornice.

Moreover, modern plastic paints can give some wonderful effects—of colour, texture and pattern—and they have the advantage of being very enduring. With plastic paint, picturesque decorations can be applied in relief by means of stencils, and the richness of the textured surface is a constant delight. Care should be taken, however, not to use colours too light or too brilliant unless the room is exceptional.

An unsightly interior may be completely transformed by installing modern panelling, as is well illustrated by this dining-room in dry-toned Columbian pine

In this small but extremely attractive dressing-room the walls are in figured Australian black bean and are lined with fitted cupboards. A special feature of the room is a built-in dressing-table which occupies the space beneath the window

but those with from fifty to a hundred years to their discredit. Often these are really ugly; yet complete transformation is not so impossible as one might be tempted to suppose.

The first step is to alter as many of the structural features as possible. The old-fashioned fire-places and overmantels should be taken away and modern ones substituted, and at the same time the walls should be given a definitely modern treatment. Indeed, wall and ceiling treatment with, of course, furniture appropriate to the setting, is more than half the battle.

When you decide about the way to treat the walls you can also

In this small pine panelled dining-room the surface before the window is covered with plate-glass and used as a side-table

Here is a modern dining-room to which character has been imparted by decorating the hitherto unattractive walls and ceiling entirely with plastic paint. The original overmantel picture was painted *in situ* and a stencilled *motif* runs round the walls

But for dignity and comfort there are few things better for an old house than wood panelling, either in period or modern style. Oak and pine may both be charming, especially for the various living-rooms, while if you prefer the panelling to be modern there are several beautiful and less familiar timbers. Among the illustrations is the corner of a small dressing-room in Australian black bean; and Columbian pine may have a beautiful and novel effect if stained and finished by modern processes. There are many other timbers available, but these examples give an idea of the really surprising transformations now possible.

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RESORTS of the MIDDLE SEA

The Lure of the Mediterranean Cruise

By CLIVE HOLLAND

At this time of the year, when the chills and fogs of winter are still with us and spring advances with lagging feet, numbers of people are availing themselves of opportunities to "follow the sun."

Three at least of the great steamship lines, namely the Blue Star, Orient, and Royal Mail have long ago discovered that winter cruising has great attractions for many, and to enable those who wish to indulge in it have devised most attractive cruises in modern and up-to-date boats which have all the luxuries of hotels with the charming mobility of a vessel. The various cruises offered by these three steamship lines are designed to suit all tastes, and most places of interest on the European Atlantic, Mediterranean, and Adriatic coasts can be visited. In our article, however, several cruises have been linked together to enable us to cover the field.

How very quickly, indeed, after the mouth of the Channel has been passed and one heads south does one run into sunshine. Brilliant sunshine which tempts one to bask on deck and encourages all, save the most indolent, to take part in the numerous deck sports which are organized for the passengers' amusement and nowadays form so popular a feature of cruising life.

With most Mediterranean cruises, Corunna, at the extreme north-west corner of Spain, is the first port of call and, as one's steamer draws in with the land, one sees the ancient walls and citadel rising on the peninsula out of the sea and enters the harbour from which the Great Armada set forth to conquer England. One also remembers perhaps that it was here that Sir John Moore, of ballad fame, fell in the hour of victory fighting against the French. Great Sir Francis Drake, too, left his mark upon the place in 1598 when he burnt it. At sunset Corunna is a gorgeous sight, for the many glazed balconies of the houses, called *miradoes*, which are a feature of the town, glow in the setting sun like the open doors of blast furnaces, and also give to the streets the appearance of vast conservatories.

Vigo is but a few hours' steam down the coast, and here one has an important commercial town overlooking a beautiful bay, with a climate which is such that it ought long ago to have made Vigo a noted international holiday resort. It is one of the most popular sea-bathing places in Spain, and Mondariz is delightful.

In a few hours' steam and one is off Lisbon, Portugal's capital, with one of the finest harbours in the world, a city which has quaintness and charm, steeply-climbing streets, white houses, and a Moorish citadel crowning one of the hills, and where, if time allows, one can take a run in a launch up the Tagus.

Gibraltar with its wonderful rock and traditional swarms of monkeys, never fails to interest those who steam through the narrow straits which have seen so much of history.

Tangier, at which most cruising steamers call, has all the colour of the East and gives the voyager one of those startling changes which serves to make travel by sea so interesting. Its white town clustering on a promontory of its curving bay holds many mysteries and surprises. One has passed from romantic Spain to the gorgeous East across the few sea miles of the most famous straits in the world.

Then as one's steamer heads northward to Malaga, so ancient—though so little that is ancient survives and one is again on the Spanish coast.

Nothing remains of the several cities that in succession stood here in the long ago except the Alcazba and Gibralfaro, the latter a ruined Moorish fort from which a magnificent view of the coast is gained and on clear days a glimpse of Africa. In the cathedral there is a link with England in the joint arms of Philip of Spain and Mary of England, his wife, emblazoned and to be discovered by the curious.

But Malaga is chiefly famous for its wonderful climate, where reigns an eternal spring, the beauty and charm of its women, and above all the courtesy and friendliness of the inhabitants. One can linger in a spot like this happily enough, but one's steamer is bound for Alicante, known for its great export of grapes and wonderful esplanade bordered by four fine rows of palm trees, for which indeed the town is famous. Alicante has been called "the Nice of Spain," and with its bright life and in other respects it deserves the description.

Valencia, still further north along the coast, is a town and port of more than 300,000 inhabitants, and is the third capital of Spain. Its outskirts are famous for orange groves, vast nurseries that raise tons of beautiful flowers for export, and in early spring the exquisite loveliness of its almond trees in blossom.

Still northward our steamer makes its way across azure seas to Barcelona, where one has one of Spain's greatest ports, famous for its delightful climate and exceptionally picturesque suburbs gay with festive life.

Our course lies now north-east across the Mediterranean to Palma, Majorca, with its wonderful Gothic cathedral, fine harbour, and a lovely countryside which in January and February is a gem of pink loveliness with almond blossom, and where oranges, figs, grapes, and persimmons flourish.

Across blue seas to Villefranche with its vast anchorage capable of sheltering the fleets of Europe. One realizes that one is touching the fringe of that romantically beautiful coast the Riviera, and is within easy reach, if the fancy takes one, of those famous resorts of fashion, Nice, Monaco, and Mentone.

The Italian Riviera, with its charming and famous resorts, such as Alassio, well-named "the pearl of the western Riviera," and beautiful San Remo, with its many social attractions, exquisite climate, and facilities for enjoyment, lure the voyager to land and visit them. But the cruise takes one on to Naples, with its far-famed bay and view of smouldering Vesuvius seems always to threaten destruction. And then southward to Palermo, the capital and great port of Sicily, where one can find sunshine all the year round, and unlimited facilities for sports and pastimes.

Taormina must not be over-looked, because it is such a wonderful spot with its marvellous ruins of ancient Naxos overlooking the sea, and with a view of slumbering Etna.

For those who have time to spare there are cruises farther eastward round the "boot of Italy" up the Adriatic to Venice, along that wonderful island-scattered coast-line of Jugo-Slavia formerly Dalmatia.

ON THE SPANISH RIVIERA: A general view of Sitjes, which boasts a monument to El Greco

A NOTABLE CENTRE OF SPAIN: Palms in University Square, Barcelona

Italian Travel Bureau

A FAVOURITE ISLAND RESORT: Brioni, the group of Islands in the harbour of Pola, which offer glorious bathing facilities and boast a lighthouse visible for fourteen miles. Inset—*THE DAILY VENETIAN "TAXI": A commonplace moment of every day in the lovely Adriatic metropolis*

Readers who have time to spare there are cruises farther eastward round the "boot of Italy" up the Adriatic to Venice, along that wonderful island-scattered coast-line of Jugo-Slavia formerly Dalmatia.

As one's steamer, after passing through the Straits of Otranto, feels its way to Kotor, formerly Cattaro, by Boka of Kotor, in pre-War days known as the Bocche di Cattaro, one might be well sailing upon the waters of an Italian lake, for one's course is shut in by mountains, but more rugged and less fertile than those of Italy it is true. One comes upon delightful surprises on one's way of nearly twenty sea miles to Kotor itself.

In Dubrovnik or Ragusa, a little farther up the coast with its sun-baked dwellings, ancient town walls, semi-tropical foliage, and charm of situation, one has one of the gems of the Eastern Adriatic. Its port is Gruz, formerly known as Gravosa, and also known to-day as Dubrovnik II, which lies crowded into a little terrace with the River Ryjeka on one side, shut in by mountains and washed by the sea. What a quaint spot it is; its tiny square, or Ploca, on which stands the Post Office and where a band plays of an evening beneath the trees, has almost pocket-handkerchief dimensions.

Ragusa—for how much more melodious is its ancient name than its modern—is a spot where nature has been generous, and man, in some measure, is still living peacefully and untroubled.

One's course lies up the coast to Venice, past Spalato, now known as Split, with Diocletian's great palace, a memory of Rome's sway, and many other survivals well worth seeing; past Zara, far-famed for its Maraschino liqueur and picturesqueness, and Abbazia, a wonderful pleasure city on the exquisite bay of Quarnero.

Then across to Venice with its Lido bathing beach and bizarre social life, which to-day seems to overshadow the historic fame and beauty of St. Mark's, and the Palace of the Doges, the Grand Canal and numberless other historic palaces. Now one's steamer turns southward again to go farther east to classic Athens and gorgeous Constantinople, or to steam along the North African coast looking in at romantic and delightful Tripoli.

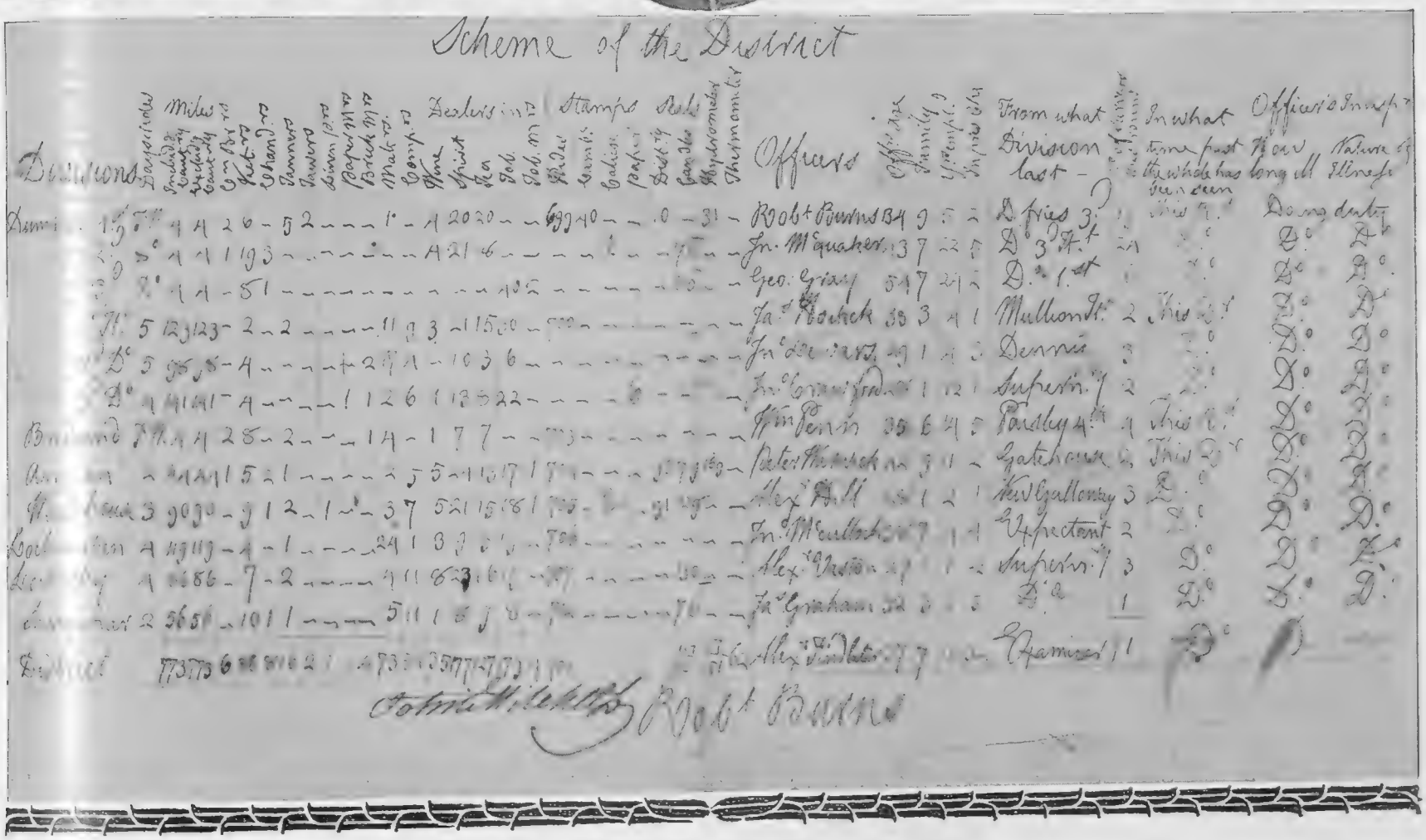
"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

By permission of The National Portrait Gallery

Robt. Burns

Born January 25th, 1759 — *Died July 21st, 1796*



IN the archives of John Walker & Sons, Limited, the distillers, of Kilmarnock, rests this page from Robert Burns' Excise book, and it is here reproduced as of interest to lovers of Scotland's National Poet.

The leaf belongs to the period when Burns—senior on the List of Dumfriesshire Officers—was acting temporarily as "Supervisor"; so the document is signed in two places by Burns: once as an ordinary officer, and once as "Supervisor." The signature "John Mitchell" is that of the "Collector of the District," who was a good friend to Burns and to whom he addressed one of his finest "Epistles," beginning "Friend of the Poet, tried and leal."

The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

ROAD MANNERS.—Much discussion has arisen and many comments have been made regarding the Highway Code, which up to the present has only appeared in draft form. Mr. Morrison, the Minister of Transport, deserves credit not only for producing this Code but also for submitting it for criticism to certain selected motoring bodies, whose experience he evidently values. The "Order of the Road," whose chairman is the Earl of Cottenham, and on whose Executive Committee I have the honour to serve, were amongst others asked for their criticisms. It was, indeed, a happy thought on the part of Mr. Morrison to approach the "Order of the Road" in this matter because ever since this institution was inaugurated every member has on joining had to agree that he would carry out certain courtesies of the road, all of which are now included in this Highway Code. I only hope that other motoring organizations whose assistance was sought have gone into the matter as carefully as the "Order of the Road," for if they have, the suggestions when collated should be very valuable to the Minister of Transport.

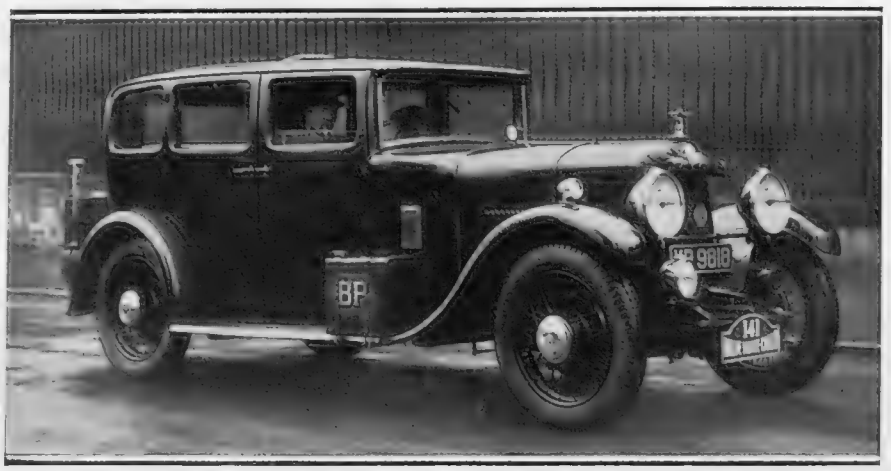
I was very sorry to read adverse comments regarding this Highway Code in the columns of one of our technical papers. This journal endeavoured to pour ridicule on the whole idea by suggesting that Governments should have more dignity than to tell motorists officially to drive on the left, to give signals, and to do all the other little courtesies enumerated in the Code. It is perhaps disappointing that all road users cannot behave themselves on our highways as they should.

Being ladies and gentlemen they should do so by instinct, but from practical experience we all know that the manners of motorists are deplorable in this country, although every paper of the land, and even the resources of the British Broadcasting Corporation, have been used in an endeavour to mend their ways. Instinct and persuasion having therefore failed, the Government now propose to try semi-legal action, and I think that the Ministry's endeavour is on the right lines, although I agree it is very regrettable that the Government has to step in at all.

PEDESTRIANS TAKE NOTICE.—The purpose of this Highway Code is really ingenious, because a motorist, by adhering to the principles it lays down will not on that account absolve himself from any liability in case of an accident, but should it be proved that he ignored any of its provisions, the law will take very serious consideration of the matter.

For a first effort the Code was very encouraging, but there were several details that obviously require amendment, and in one or two instances it lays down conduct for road users which, if carried out, will undoubtedly increase the number of accidents rather than diminish them. For instance, it is surely very dangerous to suggest that a pedestrian has the right to walk off the pavement just when and where he pleases and hold up the traffic by merely giving signals. I do not suppose that the police in the country would like this any more than motorists. Mr. Morrison has successfully struck out on new and bold lines in order to keep abreast of modern traffic conditions, but apparently he has not been brave enough, and I realise that it takes some courage to lay it down definitely that the pedestrian has no longer a prior right to the road. The problem of to-day is to ease traffic congestion, and the only way to do that is to speed up all road users so that they can go on their way faster than before, but with even less danger to themselves and other fellow travellers. The pedestrian must, therefore, not be permitted to hold up traffic for his own selfish ends.

Then again cyclists are only asked to get into single file on roads which they do not consider to be broad. I cannot see why two cyclists should ride abreast any more than two motor-cars, each of which has only one occupant on board. If statistics were consulted I feel certain that the number of accidents taking place on so-called broad roads is equal if not greater than those on narrow roads. The Kingston by-pass would probably be classified as a broad road, yet should a motorist desire to overtake two cyclists riding abreast just as another car was passing in the opposite direction he would find it difficult to do so without running a grave risk of hitting either the outside cyclist or the oncoming vehicle. I think, therefore, that this provision requires amendment. Next week I will comment on other parts of the Highway Code.



CROSS-CONTINENT IN A CROSSLEY: Mr. Norman S. Garrard at the wheel of his "Golden" Crossley which, as we go to press, he is driving in the Monte Carlo Rally. Mr. Garrard started on January 16 from Stavanger in Norway, on a route traversing the famous Tronassein Pass which at this time of the year is extremely dangerous owing to the heavy snowfalls

MAKING THE RECORD SAFE.—By the time these words appear in print Captain Malcolm Campbell

(*Continued on p. 141*)

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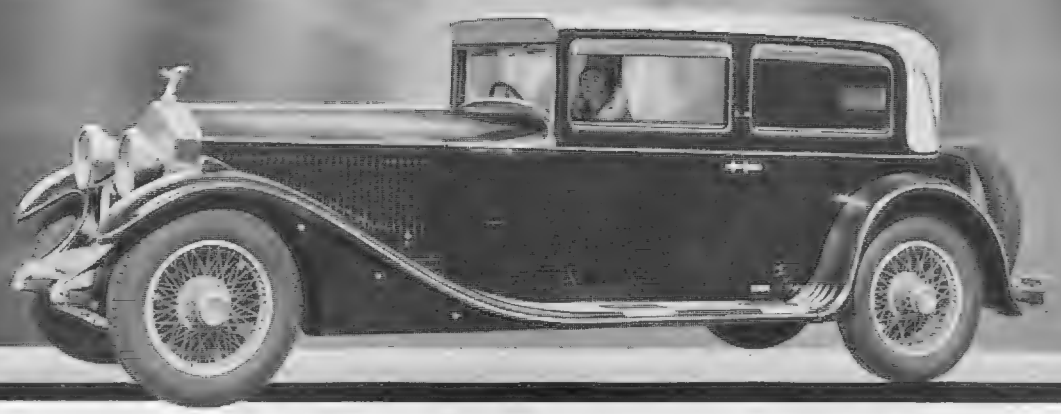

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The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from page 142*)

will have left this country with his Napier-Campbell car in order to make an attempt on the world's land-speed record. This attempt has given rise to much discussion, and Captain Campbell has been criticized for attempting to beat the record put up by the late Sir Henry Segrave, and which does not appear to be in any danger from a foreign country. At first thought it would seem a pity that this attempt should be made, but we must always remember that in this world if one stands still one usually goes backwards. The number of racing drivers who have sufficient experience and pluck to drive a car at the speed required to beat the world's land-speed record is very few, and it will be readily admitted that amongst the few Captain Campbell is probably the leader. Certainly no one living to-day has had more experience in motor-racing, and as he is getting on in age we cannot expect to call on him for very much longer. Bearing this in mind let me consider the following possibilities. The existing record stands good until, say, 1935, when the speed is put up by a foreigner to 240 m.p.h. In other words we lose the record in 1935. Captain Campbell would then be fifty years of age, and might well consider that having reached the half century it was a younger man's job to regain the record for Great Britain. Perhaps no one of sufficient experience or pluck could be found, and we in this country would naturally lose our prestige. If by going now Campbell succeeds in putting the record up to 250 m.p.h. it will not worry Great Britain if some foreigner in 1935 does succeed in travelling along at 240 m.p.h. In these records as in many other things in life a long view must be taken. Let us all hope, therefore, that the Napier-Campbell is successful, and if so, we must not forget its clever designer, Mr. R. A. Railton, and let us further pray that the speed will be put up to such a figure that no foreign rival will attempt it for years to come.

THE PETROL PATROL: One of the new Mobile Police Units on "beat." These Patrols are mounted on Triumph motor-cycles, the machines that gave such splendid service to the despatch riders in the War

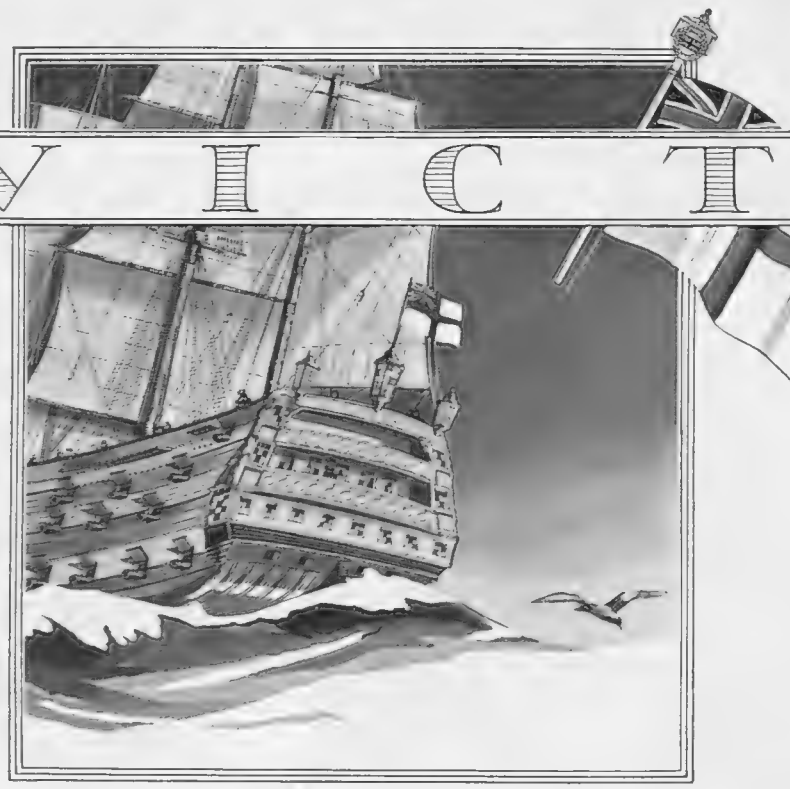
WELCOME NEWS.—It has been announced that the Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., have acquired the whole of the share capital of the Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd. All motorists who have the interests of British motoring at heart will welcome this news. In these days of big combines a comparatively small company like the Lanchester Motor Company was in distinct danger of being squeezed out, and as Lanchester cars have always held the reputation of being first-class and have undoubtedly led motoring design to the benefit of the British motor trade, it would have been a thousand pities to have seen such a company strangled. The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., is to-day what is known as a Parent, or Holding, Company, and therefore the transaction which has just been concluded does not imply any particular important changes nor any amalgamation in the ordinary sense of that word.

ENGLISH CARS FOR AN ENGLISH DOMINION: A consignment of Rover "Family" Tens ready to be dispatched to Wellington, New Zealand, where the Rover Company has established a factory depot, with great success

The Lanchester Motor Company in its new status now becomes a member of a group of companies controlled by the Birmingham Small Arms Company.

Mr. Frank Lanchester, who has been the London Director of the Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., will join the board of Stratton-Instone, Ltd., and Mr. George Lanchester, who designs the cars and was the director in charge of the works, will continue to occupy a similar responsible position.

A PRAISEWORTHY CAUSE TO END.—Some eighteen months ago the R.A.C. decided to inaugurate a fund for the benefit of those hospitals which dealt with a large number of cases arising out of motor accidents. Subscriptions were invited from members of the R.A.C. and also from associated clubs, and a substantial sum has already been handed over to hospitals in all parts of the country. With the inclusion in the proviso in Part II of the Road Traffic Act rendering it obligatory on the part of insurance companies to pay to hospitals a sum not exceeding £25 in cases where a third party has received treatment following a motor accident, the need for the R.A.C. fund has largely disappeared, and it is therefore proposed to wind it up forthwith. During the period it has been in operation, over two thousand individual subscriptions have been received by the R.A.C., varying in amounts from half-a-crown to £100, and 207 hospitals have actually benefited by donations from the fund.



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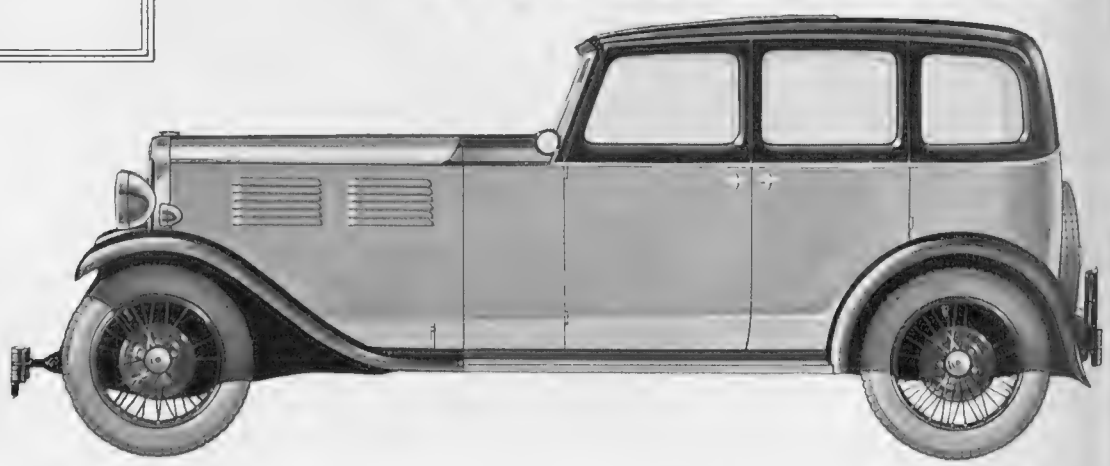

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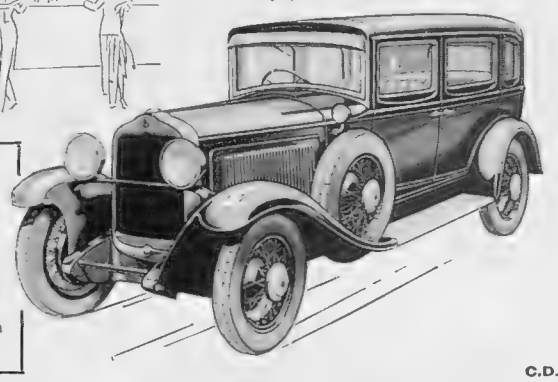

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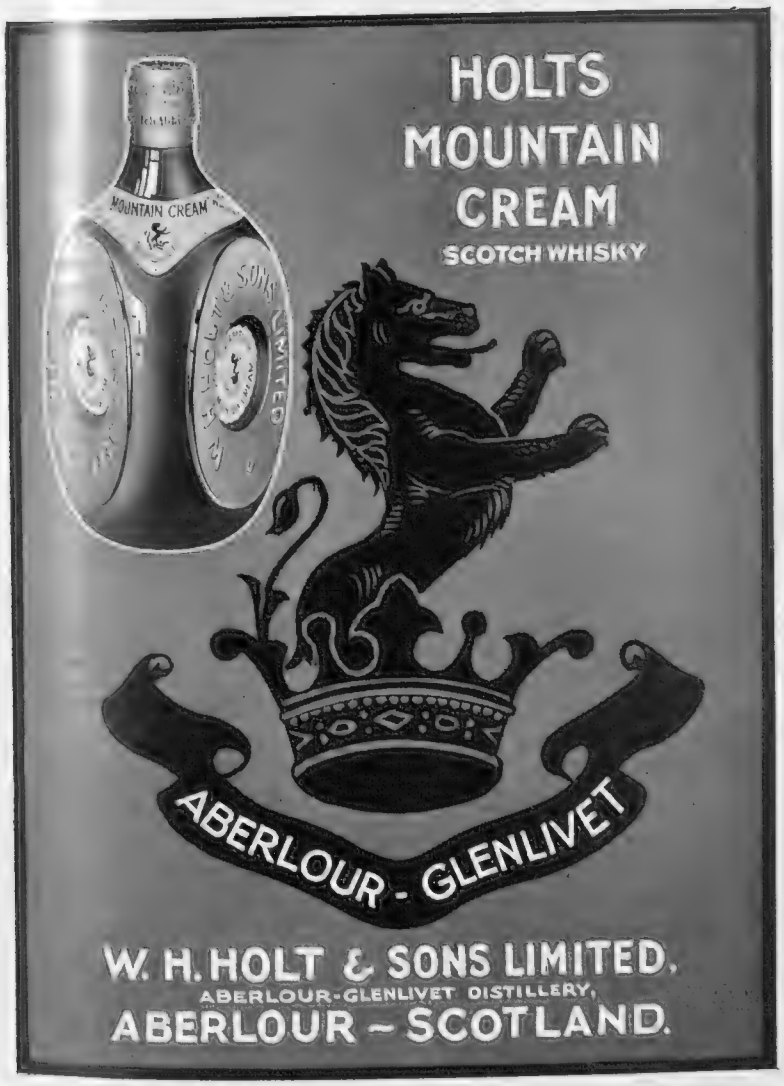

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MOUNT ISA

The Sensational Newly-discovered Silver Field of Australia

By ROBERT M. MACDONALD

The new silver-lead field known as Mount Isa, near Cloncurry in North Queensland, is proving to be the greatest mineral-bearing tract known in the world. It is now reached by an outflung railway from Cloncurry, the mining metropolis of the north-west, which is in rail connection with Townsville on the coast.

Mount Isa is situated in a land of silver-lead formations, but other minerals are also present in various disguises, and the cap of a reef has but to be broken to disclose a strange change from its outward appearance. Many show themselves to be formed of copper ore of some kind, but in some gleaming white quartz will appear impregnated with flakes of molybdenite, veins of wolfram, or minute specks of gold.

The story of the discovery of Mount Isa is a present-day mining romance, and as yet is known only to a few prospectors.

One day close on sundown a party of four prospectors, wandering among the low scrub-covered ranges far to the south-west of Cloncurry, saw a camp ahead, and riding up to it found that its members were Chinamen. Two of the Celestials were lying in their bunks apparently breathing their last, and already garbed for burial in Chinese fashion. Their yellow-tinged faces bore blue circular marks as large as halfpenny pieces, and these at once made clear to us the nature of their malady. It was bubonic plague. We refused the invitation to partake of tea proffered us by the six other Chinamen, and flinging ourselves into our saddles rode madly away into the darkness which had fallen while we had been in the plague-stricken camp.

"I reckon that if we're living at sunrise we're lucky," remarked Big Tassie as we sat and smoked after our simple meal.

"Those confounded Chinkies ought to have put up a danger flag of some kind," grunted Mac, "I've heard that bubonic gets a man as sure as a bullet if he comes anywhere near it, and we were actually in the tent."

Neither Old Riddell nor myself made any comment, but our thoughts were running on lines similar to our comrade's, and as we gazed at the stars that night on stretching ourselves out for sleep we all wondered if we should ever see them again.

But sunrise found us all in perfect health and with an appetite that dispelled any fear of plague though we still harboured feelings of indignation against the Chinamen. Our camp lay on a brown-coloured reef of some nature, but the long grass prevented us from seeing if its "strike" (length) was more than a few yards, so after breakfast, Mac flung a burning log from our fire among the dry vegetation. He wanted to know.

With a crackling roar like a battery of machine guns in action a mighty wave of fire sprang into being and swept away on the wind in the direction of the Chinese camp. Mac had started a bush fire, but as there was nothing but that camp between us and the dead heart of Central Australia, it could do no harm and it would clear the ground. We watched the fiery sea roll onwards for some moments and then broke off bits of the reef at our feet, thereby getting a bit of a surprise—the reef was composed of rich copper carbonate!

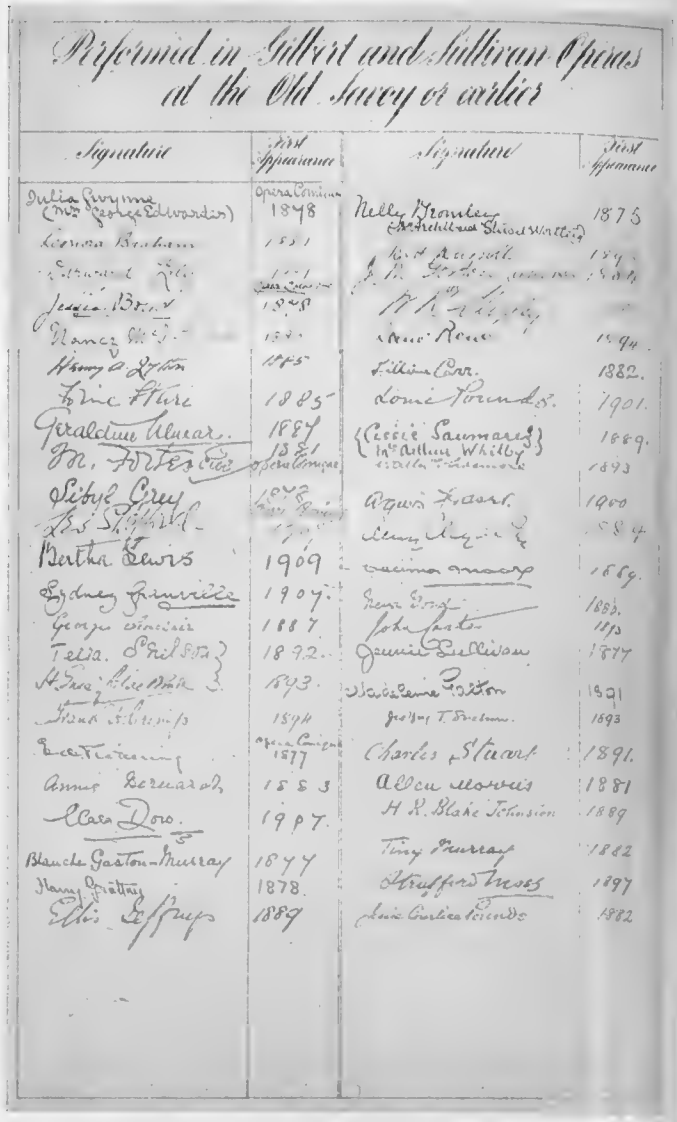
"We've struck a good thing, boys," said Old Riddell, examining a piece of ore intently. "This stuff carries about 33 per cent. of copper I'm sure, but the Chinks must know all about it for I see the reef runs right through their camp."

"Yes," agreed Big Tassie, looking through his field glasses, "but the fire seems to have brought two dead men to life again; I can see eight Chinks running about in that bubonic camp, and two of them are dressed as dead men ——."

"What?" interrupted Mac, seizing the glasses. "Great Queensland! we've been fooled! The Chinks only pretended to have the plague so as to frighten us away from this reef."

Mac's words voiced the suspicions of all, and, with vengeful intent, we caught our horses and rode down the fire track upon the camp, which being in a clearing had been encircled and passed intact by the flames.

But when we reached it the camp was deserted—the Chinamen had fled. A heap of broken ore lay beside a hole sunk near the reef, and a curious sort of furnace built with ant beds and tell-tale signs around it showed that the Chinamen had been in the habit of concentrating their ore by some process we did not understand. We noticed, however, that the reef had greatly changed in outward appearance, and that the pieces of ore in the heap seemed of very poor copper value. Concluding that they had not recognized the best ore we made our own camp a little bit away and spent the next few days in breaking out selected chunks of the richest copper ore we could see, and when we had collected a heap of about three tons, rode into railhead, fifty miles distant, to make arrangements for transport.



A RECORD OF THE OLD SAVOYARDS: A scroll signed by a number of the members of the D'Oyly Carte Company at various eras who achieved name and fame in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. The signatures were collected by Mr. Reginald G. Davis, Hon. Sec. of the Gilbert and Sullivan Society. The scroll has now been sold for £30 3s. for the benefit of that famous old Savoyard, Miss Leonora Braham

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Amongst the marked symptoms are chilliness (cold shivers), general pains, sneezing, nasal catarrh, sore throat, rise of temperature, *sudden onset and great prostration.* The disease assumes various forms and may leave serious complications. *It should always be regarded seriously and medical advice obtained.*

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A NEW APPOINTMENT TO THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.: Mr. E. Grinham, who until recently was associated with the Humber-Hillman Combine, has been appointed as Chief Engineer to the Standard Motor Company, Ltd., of Coventry

ORIENT IN THE WEST

The Orient Line have just issued their programme of cruises for 1931. This comprises spring cruises to the Mediterranean, Adriatic, and Atlantic islands, and summer cruises to the Norwegian fjords and northern capitals, and also to the Mediterranean and Adriatic. In comparison with last year's programme the 1931 cruises are mostly of shorter periods, this alteration being made in response to public demand. In addition, the Orient Line stress that this year they will have three 20,000-ton liners in cruising service, namely, *Orontes*, *Oronsay*, and *Orford*. All who have experienced the comforts of the 20,000-ton liner will appreciate the wisdom shown by the Orient Line in putting a further big ship into commission. A copy of the attractively-produced Orient programme can be obtained from the company's offices or travel agencies.

COLUMBIA

Among other records we have received from this famous firm are the following: "Go, Lovely Rose" (Waller and Quilter), and (a) "Take, O Take Those Lips Away"; (b) "Hey, Ho, the Wind and the Rain" (Shakespeare and Quilter), sung by Hubert Eisdell, tenor. With piano. (a) "I Will Give My Love an Apple" (arr. Vaughan Williams), unaccompanied; (b) "O Sally, My Dear" (arr. Cecil J. Sharp), and (a) "My Boy Billy" (arr. Vaughan Williams); (b) "The Lover's Task" (arr. Cecil J. Sharp), sung by Clive Carey, baritone. With piano. (a) "A Farmer's Son So Sweet"; (b) "As I Sat on a Sunny Bank"; (a) "The Bonny Lighter-Boy"; (b) "Dance to Your Daddy" (all arr. Cecil J. Sharp), sung by Annette Blackwell, soprano. With piano. "Waltz in A Major" (Brahms, Op. 39, arr. Hochstein), and "Air on G String" (Bach). Violin Solos by Bronislaw Huberman, Siegfried Schultze at the piano. "Daphnis and Chloe"—Suite Symphonique (Ravel) Walther Straram Orchestra (Paris), conducted by Philippe Gaubert. Four parts, two records. "Grosse Füge" (Beethoven, Op. 133), Lener String Quartet (Lener, Smilovits, Roth, and Hartman). Four parts, two records. Mazurkas. (a) Op, 7, No. 3; (b) Op. 7, No. 1. Mazurkas, (a) Op. 7, No. 2; (b) Op. 33, No. 2 (Chopin). Pianoforte solos by Ignaz Friedman. Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 4, and Mazurka, Op. 24, No. 4 (Chopin). Pianoforte solo by Ignaz Friedman. Mazurka, Op. 41, No. 1, and Mazurka, Op. 50, No. 2 (Chopin). Pianoforte Solo by Ignaz Friedman. Mazurkas, (a) Op. 67, No. 4; (b) Op. 68, No. 2, and Mazurkas, Op. 63, No. 3; (b) Op. 67, No. 3 (Chopin). Pianoforte solo by Ignaz Friedman.

March, "Prince Oleg" (Pesn O Veshem Olege) (arr. Jaroff), and "The Red Sarafan" (Krashni Sarafan) (Warlamoff, arr. Jaroff). In Russian. Don Cossacks Choir conducted by Serge Jaroff. Unaccompanied. "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2" (Liszt), Organ Solo (and Piano) by Quentin M. MacLean, two parts. One record. "Knights of the King," Grand Processional and Gallantry (Duo d'Amour). Regimental Band of H.M. Royal Horse Guards (The Blues), conducted by Lieutenant W. J. Dunn, M.C. "Rosamunde"—Air De Ballet (Schubert, arr. Ganz) and "Die Fledermaus," Concert Paraphrase on Waltz Motives. (Johann Strauss Op. 56, arr. Grunfeld). Pianoforte Solo by Ania Dorfmann. "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" (Noches en los Jardines de España) (de Falla). Orquesta de Sevilla (Piano, Manuel Navarro). Six parts, three records.

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With reference to the appeal made by the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship for special donations to enable the Society to complete the purchase of Esher Place, Esher, and to adapt the house for its new use, the Society are glad to report that two ladies have generously responded by sending £500. There is still a sum of £3,000 needed to meet the cost of establishing this Home. Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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"BERLIN AFTER DARK" by Negley Farson
SOCIETY IN CARICATURE by Autori
"STRAIGHT FROM PRISON" by Christine Jope-Slade
"THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS" by Arthur Mills
"SHOULD MEN TAKE THE BLAME ...?" by Rosita Forbes
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